The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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Week by Week

THE HOUSE passed a revenue bill before congressional attention was riveted on the reorganization bill. The Senate passed one in very different form on April 9. The bills went to conference and an administration-anti-administration struggle gradually developed over them. On April 13 the President directly entered the controversy by asking the conferees to retain the capital gains and undistributed corporate profits tax. The Senate committee on unemployment and relief went out of its own field (the Senate Finance Committee handles revenue matters) to counter with a demand for the abolition of the undistributed profits tax and modification of the tax on capital gains. The conferees reached a compromise on April 22, and four days later sent a revenue bill back to the two houses. The remnant of the undistributed profits tax retained creates a spread between the tax on corporate profits completely retained and on those completely distributed of only 2½ percent, from 19 to 16½ per cent. There are also many complete exemptions allowed, and "cushions." The Senate bill had not even allowed this 2½ percent, levying simply a flat 18 percent rate on corporate income. The House bill contained a 16 percent flat rate, plus a supertax of 4 percent on undistributed profits. The existing supertax ranges from 7 to 27 per cent. The capital gains compromise provides that gains from the sale of assets held less than 18 months shall be taxed as ordinary income, from 18 months to two years at a rate of 15 percent, and beyond two years 20 percent. Thus the compromise bill is in general a triumph for those who feel that the restoration of business confidence is primary, and that investment in new business can be stimulated by easier taxes on profits from investment and chance taking. It is another wedge between "conservatives" and "liberals," for it is believed by many that the congressional "radicals" and all those now being rallied by the La Follettes feel that the New Deal has failed first of all in redistribution through taxation. It is another development which places responsibility on conservative business shoulders for the increase of production and decrease of unemployment. To a cool European, considering his own tremendous tax burden, the changes probably seem far too slight to affect our economy much one way or another. If they do, it will be less for reasons of percentages than how people feel about them.

Taxes

IT HAS often been noted by modern historians that the popular conviction that war is inevitable has hastened the actual outbreak of hostilities. Such a fatalism appears to be growing in the United States despite the absence of any immediate need for active defense of our shores. Preparations and declarations in this direction are piling up; a gradual change is taking hold of the normally peaceable national state of mind. The billion-dollar Naval Expansion bill, which is slated for eventual enactment despite the vigorous opposition of men of such differences of political faith as Senators Borah, La Follette, Vandenberg and Nye, is, of course, the most notable of these recent developments, but there are many others. President Roosevelt has just signed a bill which provides for the training of 75,000 additional army reserves to be available for immediate mobilization. The House Military and Naval Affairs Committees have scheduled a summer inspection tour of the nation's coast defenses from Maine to Hawaii and from Panama to Alaska. Right on the heels of the largest maneuvers in the Pacific, in our history, the General Headquarters Air Force has an-

Preparedness or Belligerence

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nounced that from May 1 to 20 a fleet of 200 planes will defend New England from a hypothetical attack of a combined fleet of warships and troop transports on our rockbound Northeastern coast. To make this war game more realistic for the citizens of the area there will be "blackouts" of the lights of several important cities. When developments such as these are added to the citizen's regular fare of daily war bulletins, warlike newsreels and sensational news pictures, he comes more and more to regard war as a normal, if horrible, development of the day.

WHAT is worse, the enemy is already designated. Both naval expansion and the most recent war games in the Pacific were predicated on the threat of a Japanese invasion. When challenged at the hearings of the Naval Affairs Committee, Senator Walsh is reported to have cited the possibility of a Germano-Japanese or even a Russo-Japanese attack as a justification for the huge increase in our fighting fleets. The New England air maneuvers are based on defending the American continent from an invading Asiatic-European coalition. The State Department has just declared that the particular powers guilty of violating the Kellogg Pact are Japan and Italy. Finally Representative May, chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, has declared that the Japanese have withdrawn their fishing vessels from Alaskan waters because of our proposed naval expansion. This withdrawal is entirely consistent with the official Japanese policy of conciliation toward an unfriendly United States during the struggle in the Far East. Prompt payment of the Panay claims is another such instance. In the struggle Washington threatens to bring upon us, one of our allies would be Great Britain, particularly if there is success for the mission that is arriving for the purpose of securing enough bombing planes from American factories to maintain the British rearmament pace until domestic plants are ready. When will Americans awaken to the realization that they are gradually being propelled toward a conflict in which there is no justification for American participation?

It's All Right

A CURE for those democracy blues can be found in the New York *Times Magazine's* presentation of the "American Mind," by George Gallup, director of the American Institute of Public Opinion. It prompts us to ask, among other things, which of the going forms of non-democracy can show the same phenomenon of an informed and stable public mind, growing healthily from the base upward, as the institute has fairly found in this country. These are large words, and they may even startle the embattled legalitarian who sometimes wearily feels that his democracy is more a matter of faith than of sight. But they are justified by the trends uncovered throughout the country during the institute's several years of patient button-holing and sifting. For instance, they dispose completely of the theory that the average American is uninformed about issues and uninterested in government: "The typical American is highly articulate on questions of public policy." Normally, eighty to ninety in a hundred are vocal on a given issue. They dispose of the contention that public opinion is capricious; copious soundings show it to be astonishingly stable in most respects (examples are post-prohibition dry sentiment and third-term opposition); and abrupt changes are proved to be not irrational, but deeply correlated with significant changes—as in the cases of the Supreme Court reform and the preparedness program. Majority opinion is found to be steady on things like sit-down strikes and inter-rank labor dissension, both of which it condemns; as also against efforts to concentrate ruling power in one individual. On the other hand, it believes in the rights of labor and in work relief. And so on. With the ambiguous exception that a disturbing cleavage is seen gradually developing along economic lines, Mr. Gallup is justified in his claim that "the red corpuscle count for this country" in democracy "is extremely high."

Eire and Britain

FEW CRITICISMS have been registered on the latest Anglo-Irish agreement which brings to a close a costly economic war of six years' duration and a land annuities dispute of much longer standing. Both parties expect to gain from the new arrangements economically. Irish cattle farmers are vying with Welsh coal miners and certain British manufacturers in welcoming its conclusion. England also gains strategically, while Eire is overjoyed that Cobh and two other important Irish ports are now under Irish control. The agreement has much wider implications. It voices the genuine desire of both peoples for peace and amity. It inspires imitation for the solution of grave differences in a torn and hostile world. The distress caused by six years of economic warfare and the prospects for mutual betterment through economic cooperation should be pondered in many quarters of the globe. The agreement ushers in an era of good feeling that is heightened by the choice of the octogenarian, Douglas Hyde, as President of Eire. Mr. Hyde is eminent as a poet, philosopher and Gaelic scholar and is beloved by all parties. His most political utterance hitherto is reported to have been, "The O's and the Mac's are coming into their own." Economic cooperation and mutual trust and friendship are ingredients that will lessen tensions and build for peace everywhere.

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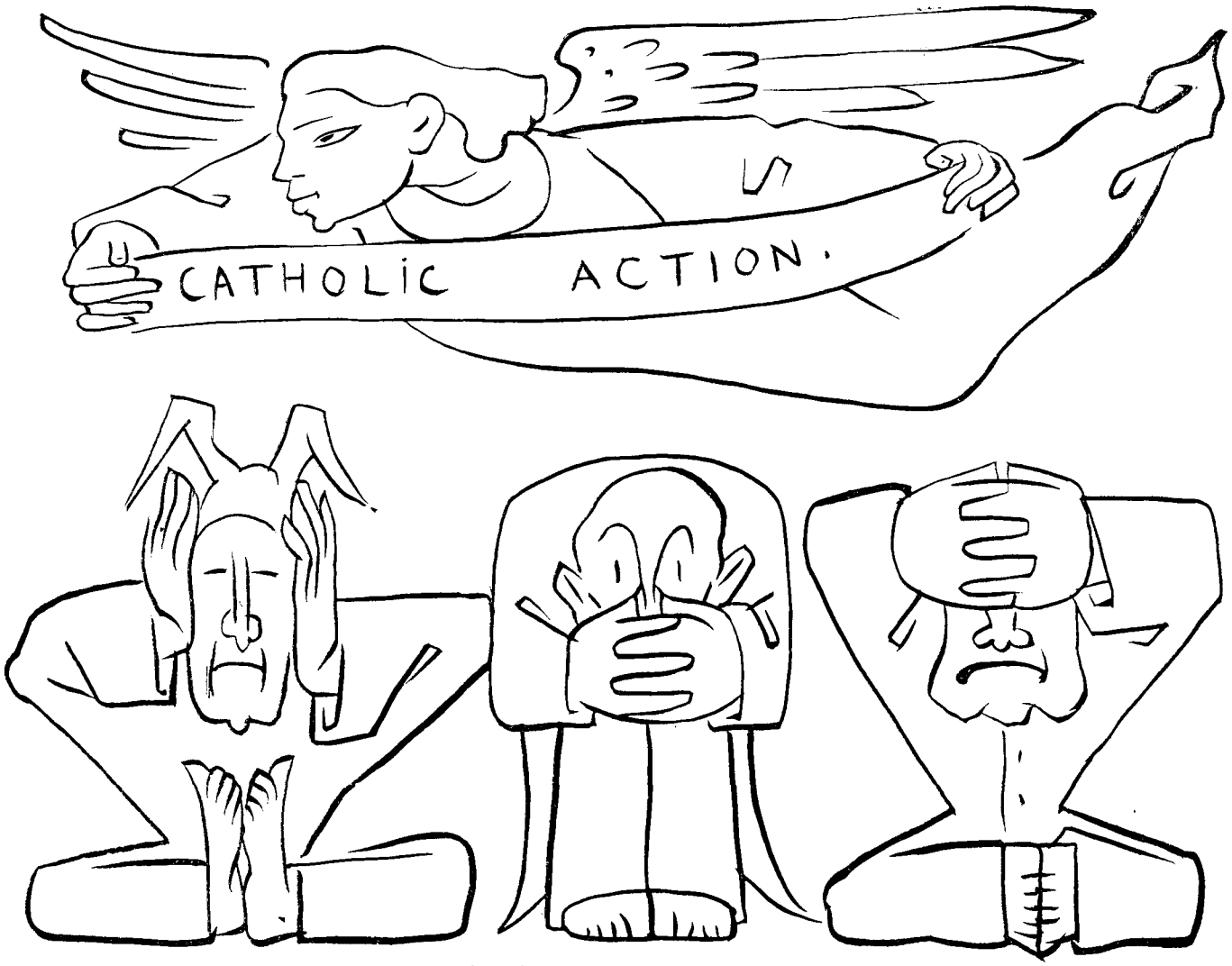
THE THREE MONKEYS



ACTION AND "REACTION"

AS THE title for a course of study or field of interest, "Home Economics" sounds definitely unexciting and horse-and-buggy. It sounds like something women students might have studied in female institutes of learning before there were many women students and before women were busy in the "practical" economics of man's productive world. It calls to mind the drab pamphlets of old and obscure governmental bureaus that might deal with "Getting the Most Out of Beet Tops" or "How to Prevent Waste in Cutting Gingham in the Home." As a matter of fact, as members of the American Home Economics Association told each other during a recent convention, home economics is an ultra-modern field, expanding and offering opportunities to young and trained economists. The name should be changed. The home economist approaches as much of the social problem as he is capable of dealing with from the grass roots—the particular want and utility. "They are concerned about education's responsibility for family welfare, not only for its immediate value for the individual, but also for its importance in community and national living." It is the same approach that consumers' cooperation takes, and buying service organizations such as Consumers Union and Consumers Research and different rating bureaus in the federal government and the new Sloan Foundation. The increasing number of persons concerned with regional planning, distributism, and the integral development of specific areas, approach the social problem from something like this angle. Home economics can start without the impedimenta of assumed productive and distributive processes and institutions, and so may go farther than economics, that is immediately bogged down in the involutions of exchange value, money and prices. The social scene might well be freshened by economists interested primarily in weighing material needs and the things that can satisfy them, and then in finding the most practical and least wasteful manner of satisfying them. It is too easy to be paralyzed by looking first at the tremendously complex economic set-up, and

Home Economics

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then wondering, with no great spirit, what limited goods can be obtained from this given colossus.

Social Action

"CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION"—the phrase certainly betokens a consummation devoutly to be desired. For in a world distinguished by its aptitude at injustice any Christian social action, and particularly Catholic social action, with its principles of justice clearly defined by recent sovereign Pontiffs, is sorely needed. But there is one caution which cannot too often be given expression; social action is, of necessity, action in the secular sphere, and as is the case with many things in this uncertain realm, there is "more than one way of killing a cat." Unfortunately it is an easy and a human failing to come to identify one's own pet primrose path to justice with the central deposit of Catholic truth. It was from practical experience that the English Evidence Guild set up the rule which, except in the most general terms, forbids the discussion of social questions in street-corner speaking. We are all agreed to certain principles, but in their application there is possible the widest conceivable latitude. Of course the result of all this is that to participate in Catholic social action one must use one's intelligence, and that is always a disturbing business, both to the user and to the onlooker. It is perhaps for this reason that social action has made no greater headway. We all love to give vent to our prejudices, but we all hate to think. And there is no question but what industrialism and finance capitalism has produced an anomolous state of affairs wherein many Catholics singularly blessed with this world's goods find themselves the unintentional connivers, through investment, at injustices of the worst sort. Many of these persons are admirable Christians who do more than their share in support of church activities, and Catholics would indeed lack prudence and justice were they to condemn such persons out of hand. Unfortunately prudence can turn into indolence and indecision. There is such a thing as paying too great a price for the benefactions of the rich, and the system that created this wealth; yet to determine the precise point where the price becomes too great is an intellectual task of the greatest delicacy, perhaps impossible without Divine guidance. Indeed we are all in precisely the same difficult position with regard to our dependence on and tacit acquiescence in the evils of the present system. We can only say with safety that there has been too little attention paid in the past to the matter of social justice, and that, chiefly through apathy, there is only too little attention being given the matter even now. The National Conference on Social Action currently being held in Milwaukee gives promise of a brighter future; the American hierarchy has repeatedly called attention to the problem; may the sown seed bear fruit.

THIS issue of THE COMMONWEAL is dedicated to social action. Father Gerald Vann, whose two-part article, "Jerusalem among the Mills," begins herewith, argues for an "integral" Catholicism, for a Catholicism not focused upon itself, but upon the very un-Catholic world in which we live. To take such an attitude, the attitude of *Blackfriars* in England, of the *Temps Présent* group in France, is to choose the hard and, it seems to us, the better way. Supplementing Father Vann's general treatment is a specific description by Dorothy Day of such a house of hospitality as she so warmly advocated in a recent issue. To top it all off in a human spirit comes the appeal by Father Hayne for a greater sense of proportion, of humor, in one's approach to these and many other matters.

Industrial Jitters in Quebec

DURING the last several months the leftist newspapers and magazines have been calling attention—usually with a certain vehemence—to what they describe as "fascism" in the Province of Quebec. Their feelings have been so strong in the matter that they have even departed from their present policy of seeming friendship and sympathy toward Catholicism. On April 19, the *New Masses,* in commenting upon Quebec's new law requiring the incorporation of labor unions, says: "It offers startling evidence of the speed with which the consolidation of clerical fascism is proceeding, with the open encouragement and support of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the province." This alarm at political developments in the second largest province of our neighbor has begun to manifest itself in less strictly Marxist journals. In the April issue of *Foreign Affairs,* which is scarcely a leftist quarterly, appears on article signed with the initial "S," "Embryo Fascism in Quebec." Several sentences from this article deserve quotation:

> A recent examination of fascist organizations in the United States indicates that at the moment they are not of great consequence. In Canada, fascism appears to have made more progress. Quebec, the most French and Catholic province in the dominion, has in the past two years been the scene of a number of incidents which bear all the marks of fascist inspiration and leadership and which give evidence of a native movement of considerable proportions. The outward manifestations of Quebec fascism run true to type. A strong anti-communist drive has been organized in the province, backed by all the authority of the present Duplessis government and the Catholic clergy. The inhabitants are daily being told that communism is the greatest evil of the age, that it is

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rampant in Canada, and that it must be sought out and exterminated.

There would be no purpose served by giving any detailed analysis of what "S" says concerning the Church in the remainder of his (or her) article. Already it has received the accolade of an award in *America's* "bias contest." I myself should quarrel with attributing bias to the article. It is, rather, a splendid example of that mental paralysis which seems to attack almost all writers when they devote their attention to the state of the Church in Quebec.

One important thing about the *Foreign Affairs* article as well as comment in the liberal and Marxist press is that the present tendency in the Province of Quebec is labeled "fascist." Against this loose use of language there should be emphatic protest, as there must also be against the misuse of the word, "communist."

Very few people, even Canadians, realize the great economic changes which have come to pass in the province during the last thirty years. The census of 1911 shows Quebec in larger part rural in population (1,038,934 as against 966,842 urban). It was indeed principally a rural country, based almost completely upon an economy of small, self-sufficient farmers living in small, self-sufficient communities. There was little urban and no rural poverty, in the sense that most of the population enjoyed security with regard to the necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter—and equally enjoyed a large measure of economic independence as far as banks, large-scale employers, and other servants of money were concerned. A few large-scale industrial enterprises existed, but the working class was in no sense a proletariat, since there was always the possibility of a return to the parental farm or the creation of a new farm on the ever-present frontier (the frontier still exists in Quebec). Money was little circulated. The money income of a prosperous rural family might amount to as little as $50 a year. Living, in town and country, was incredibly cheap, and hence wages, although low in dollars, were high in purchasing power. The genuine social benefits which derive from industrialism, and are probably impossible without it, were conspicuously absent. Illiteracy was widespread, public health was little considered; infant mortality and mortality from tuberculosis were—and still are—appalling. Still the people were happy, since in a rural economy little need is felt for such benefits.

Then came the World War. Farmers found that they could get what seemed to them fabulous prices for their produce; men in the lumber camps began earning boom-town wages. Home-industry virtually disappeared, to the great advantage of the owners of cloth mills, shoe factories, ready-made clothing establishments, farm machinery manufacturers, and the thousand and one other large-scale makers of necessary things. Ever since the war the industrializing tendency has continued, despite the fall in farm prices and in wages.

Within twenty years the whole economic set-up of Quebec had shifted. In 1931 (the last census) the rural population was still a little over 1,000,000, but the urban population had jumped to 1,813,606. The following table shows what happened, although the degree of the change is even greater than the table indicates, because of the growth of industries located in rural districts:

	% Increase Total Population	*% Increase Rural Population*	*% Increase Urban Population*
1910-1921	17.6	—1/10	36.7
1921-1931	27.1	2.1	37.1

	Percentage of Urban Population		Population Increases, Principal Cities, 1911-1931	
	P.Q.	*U.S.A.*		
1911 (1910)	48	47	Montreal	67%
1921 (1920)	56	51.4	Chicago	57%
1931 (1930)	63	56.2	New York	47%

So violent and sudden an economic and social revolution has produced, in intensified form, every kind of characteristic evil consequence: the lowering of moral tone; hideous poverty, even in rural regions; ruthless human exploitation. To a clergy and government which is admirably close to its people and which has a tradition of three hundred years of dealing with life in a purely rural economy, such an economic cataclysm has presented heroic problems. In attempting to work out a solution of these problems in so vexed a world as ours—problems encountered in other industrial countries in the nineteenth century—many mistakes have been and will be made. It is, humanly speaking, the natural way to embrace anything which gives promise, however specious, of restoring the "good old times," of resisting changes which, however regrettably, already have their roots deep in reality. On the other hand, it is always very easy to let the baby out with the bath-water. Such things as Quebec's padlock law, the "anti-Semitic" riots (really directed against the non-French-speaking mercantile class), the fulminations against communism (a word often used as signifying any novel socio-political ideas—not Marxism, which is almost unknown in the province), the opposition to outside labor unions, rise, not from a desire to bring the country into line with the new ideologies of Hitler and Mussolini, but rather from bewilderment at the results of a little understood, generally ignored, economic revolution. To confuse the growing pains of a newly industrialized country with fascism — however much they may involve fulminations against "communism"—is to abuse language, to imply an undeserved moral condemnation, and jeopardize a happy and humanly decent solution, which might be assisted by cooler and less unfriendly criticism of those now entrusted with the management of affairs.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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Jerusalem among the Mills[1]

By GERALD VANN

"THE central problem of our time, from the point of view of a Christian philosophy of history, is the problem of the reintegration of the masses, separated from Christianity by the fault chiefly of a Christian world renegade to its calling." So M. Maritain, in his pamphlet "On Independence"; and the problem stated, he goes on to establish the principles on which it is to be solved. The dilemma is clear: either, as he here repeats, men will turn for their philosophy of life to materialism, or to Christianity; to a humanism either atheist or *intégral*. To attempt to deal with the visible evils of our time, with war and social distress and the manifestations of moral disintegration, without attending to the attitude of mind responsible for these, is to fiddle; it is only by the discovery and establishment of principles, of a world-view, that they can ultimately be remedied. For the Christian this means the reestablishment of Christian principles; but how reestablish them?

There are two conflicting schools of thought. There are those, first, who form what may be called the separatist school. For them, the Christian world is to be a fortress set above the dissolute flux of pagan thought and life, remote, immune. There issues from this point of view the theory in economics of primitivism, whose ideal it is to flee from the evils of our industrialism to a state of nature, as the only possible vindication of the dignity of man. In sociology, a similar gospel of segregation has been preached: if the Christian life is to be possible, it is argued, it can only be by way of complete retirement; an all-Christian city is thus envisaged, wherein life may be compact of equity and love, the law may never be flouted, the spirit may grow, uncontaminated by the breath of sin. In religion and philosophy, again, the same attitude is apparent; and issues in a refusal to acknowledge the possibility of benefit from the thought, the religious experience, of others. Let us cut ourselves off, then, this theory urges, from whatever is non-Christian; let us set up, unsullied, unmixed with error and evil, the City of God, and so offer an example of what may be, to the unhappy infidels without.

The second theory stands in direct opposition to the foregoing. On all points its exponents, whom we may call the integrationists, diametrically disagree. They will not jettison the advance in knowledge and power which man has made because it has resulted in fact in a social structure vitiated or even rotten to the core, for they distinguish between this advance itself and the use which, unnecessarily they hold, has been made of it. They will not sacrifice the wealth of experience, and the consequent possible growth of soul, which contact with their fellow men affords; nor, on the other hand, will they forego the possibility of contributing directly to the good of human society as a whole, for indeed they consider this their duty as Christians. They will not admit that the interests of the Christian should be bounded by the limits of his own ecclesiastical orbit and the events which there occur, or that he may not be enriched by the thought and the religious experience of the rest of the world.

Separatism or integration, this is the dilemma. Are we to flee from the world about us, or are we to accept it as our proper environment, an environment which it is all the more necessary to make our own because it so preeminently needs the help which each can in measure give it?

The question is an extremely complex one, and an answer cannot lightly be given. We are commanded, so the separatist might argue, to seek first the kingdom of God and His justice. We are bound, in other words, to see first of all that our environment is such as will make possible the living of a complete Christian life. In fact, it is not. We ought then to segregate ourselves from our environment. True, there is no question, in these days, in this country, of religious persecution, but the whole structure of life, the sort of work we have to do, the sort of conditions in which we have to live, the sort of influence with which we are surrounded, are anti-Christian. We can build our churches, we can hold our religious services; but this is only one element in the Christian life; and with many other elements our civilization interferes. As the Hebrews were led by God out of Egypt, as the Desert Fathers went forth into Nitria and the Thebaïd, so ought we to be ready for the day when we may go forth to found a new city where the service of God and the perfection of man will be possible.

We cannot deny the weightiness of this argument. But there is a difficulty, a counter-argument from the integrationist side which should give us pause. The Hebrews, it may be urged, were led forth from slavery, from an alien land. Today, there is the fact of economic slavery, which the papal encyclicals have so strongly denounced; but the economic slaves are not in an alien land. The Hebrews had no duty to fulfil toward the Egyptians; but our civilization is part of ourselves.

[1] This article is an extract from Father Vann's "Morals Makyth Man," to be published by Longmans, Green and Company.

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> To the Roman civic conscience the exiles in the desert [the Thebaïd] are deserters from a sinking ship, fugitives from a rotting civilization, concerned only for their personal integrity. Augustine had the civic conscience: the sack of Rome sent him to his book of reconstruction, a city that had foundations, whose maker and builder is God, but a city that could be built on the rubble of the empire, even as Blake would have built Jerusalem among the dark Satanic mills [Helen Waddell, "The Desert Fathers," Introduction, page 17].

The demand on self-sacrifice in social service increases as the need, the plight, of society grows more critical. The society is our society; it is still, however remotely, the potential City of God; are we justified in abandoning it? We cannot argue that we have and can have no influence upon our society; every member of a society has his influence upon it in one way or another, and our influence collectively upon it might be enormous. And every Christian, as such, in one way or another is to be an apostle; he has a mission to fulfil, for he believes, in humility, that he has been entrusted with the talent of truth, and he is not permitted to hide it in a napkin. The temptation is very strong to relapse into cynical inertia, and to leave the world to look after itself. But the attitude is un-Christian. And this line of argument is the kernel of the integrationist thesis.

M. Maritain, taking as axiomatic this duty of working for the good of society as a whole, is unequivocal in stating his own position.

> Let me here state the inner conflict, which to my mind, hinders so many generous efforts for the expansion of the Kingdom of God. There is the social or sociological instinct of earthly collectivity, an instinct which is worldly. This would set up Christians in a closed system . . . a fortress built by the hand of man, behind whose walls all the "good" may be assembled, thence to do battle against the "wicked" who besiege it. There is, on the other hand, the spiritual instinct, an instinct which is of God; this would have Christians disperse throughout the world which God has made, to bear witness within it, to bring it life. . . . How shall men, separated from us by the battlements of age-long prejudice, take account of our faith, if we, instead of reverencing their souls, their aspirations, their anxieties of spirit, remain entrenched in pharisaic isolation? . . . [The Christian must] go into the world, speak to the world, be in the world and penetrate the world to its uttermost depths, not only to give testimony to God and to eternal life, but to do, as a Christian, his human work in the world [Maritain, "Lettre sur l'Indépendance, pages, 14, 23, 25].

Man is, as has so often been said, by nature a social animal; his own nature demands that he live in society. This means more than that no individual is self-sufficient in the business of living. The experience of every man affects the experience of the race; the nature of every man is affected by the past history of the race. We are all of us different men for the existence of Plato and Caesar and Shakespeare; we cannot separate from ourselves the common heritage of our race and age; and as we are constituted not absolutely, in isolation, but in the solidarity of the past, so we are here and now active, dynamic, not in isolation but in the solidarity of the present; and if we are renegade to it we are trying to rid ourselves of ourselves, to reduce ourselves to the unreality of a two-dimensional figure. On the other hand, if the individual stands in need of and is largely constituted by society, society in its turn, the *bonum commune,* stands in need of and is built up by the individual: it is the duty of each to play his part in the perfecting of the whole.

If philosophy makes this sufficiently clear, a second consideration, the demands of religion, gives it at once a new urgency and a wider significance. The Fall from grace was the fall, not of one man only, but of all mankind. The Redemption, in its turn, is the redemption not of individuals only but of mankind as a whole, a unity. The solidarity of the race is divinely taught us; and its implications are clear. What is the world we must hate and flee if we are to obey Our Lord's injunctions? Is it necessary to say, it is not the world God created and saw to be good, but that spirit of worldliness which seeks self in opposition to Him, a spirit which is not restricted to, and visible in, a group or type, but invisibly everywhere where sin has entered?

> No need to ask, which is the world we hate. . . . The lover of God becomes to himself the hated world, as he learns the evil within him. . . . "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son": and our Saviour died for the world, begging forgiveness for those who knew not what they did: and our Lord knows and loves His own, and loves those turned away from Him, searches after those who are lost. If we do not love, we do not know God, and "he that loveth not, abideth in death." Actually then we must also love the world, overcome its evil with good: and we overcome the world through love of Christ, Who gives us this power. We must not despair of the world. "Be of good cheer. I have overcome the world" [Gwendolyn Plunket Greene, "The Prophet Child," page 120].

As in the whole texture of earthly life the successes and failures of the world are our successes and failures, we bound up with them, they needing our share of help, so in religion: we have to recognize that we have much to learn from the world whose faith is not ours (for it would be intolerable pride on our part to suppose that we have so well used the gift of faith that there is, in our expression of it, our worship, our way of life, our spiritual growth, nothing to be corrected or improved, nothing to be learned from those

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who, loving God, may well be granted a light denied perhaps to our opacity); and we have to recognize, on the other hand, that we are to labor to spread the gift of faith itself, that charity is *congregativus,* not *disgregativus,* that if we need the world to integrate ourselves, the gift we bear so unworthily within us is, in the designs of God, much more urgently needed to integrate the world, and to fulfil the Divine purpose, the building up of the spiritual in the temporal, the establishment of the city of God.

Have we not then to make ourselves one with our environment, even when that environment is something that must be radically altered if Christianity is to flourish—rather, precisely because it needs to be radically altered if Christianity is to flourish, for we ourselves can, and ought to, be active in the work of alteration? Have we not to "reverence the souls of men," to set aside unequivocally all thought of "pharisaic isolation"? We must, of course, be clear as to what we mean by becoming one with our environment; the Christian, as Maritain puts it, cannot give his soul to the world: it is essential to keep independence of thought, to create it indeed if it is not present, to reject the temptation of coming gradually to acquiesce in what we know to be evil; for we cannot placidly allow ourselves to become accomplices in an evil thing, to take part in enterprises which are contrary to the law of God and the nature of man. The policy of integration does not mean this. But it does mean that we shall in the first place try rationally to separate the good from the evil in the civilization in which we live; that we shall then fight the evil, making ourselves one with what is good; that we shall not separate ourselves from, but on the contrary unite ourselves with, society as a whole; knowing that while we can expect the fulness of realization of our "somewhat of possibility" only in and through that society, we have toward it a duty to perform, an influence to make operative, and that this task can only be accomplished through the direct contacts, the sympathy, the intrinsic unity, which come of a common life.

The integrationist policy has an especial application in the sphere of philosophy. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch wrote in the Preface to his lectures on the "Art of Writing":

> Any nation that potters with any glory of its past, as a thing dead and done for, is to that extent renegade. If that be granted, not all our pride in a Shakespeare can excuse the relaxation of an effort—however vain and hopeless—to better him, or some part of him. If, with all our native exemplars to give us courage, we persist in trying to write well, we can easily resign to other nations all the secondary fame to be picked up by commentators.

Philosophy certainly, is a science, literature an art; metaphysical principles as such are immutable. But metaphysics may develop as dogma is said to develop: through a deeper insight into principles, a wider application of them to the changing problems of the world. Have philosophers within the Church been too long content with the secondary (and domestic) fame of being commentators, of pottering exclusively with a glory of the past, precisely as a thing of the past? For let us make no mistake, scholasticism, in the only true sense of the word, is a thing of the past.

To treat a scholastic system as something which has meaning for modern problems, and to free it therefore from the accidentals of language and treatment which confine it to one particular age or habit of mind, is to treat it as living; to hold it buried in the accidentals of history is to make it a dead relic of the past. And to regard Thomism, in particular, as a closed system, complete and perfect, is surely to be renegade to the spirit of Thomism itself (indeed, ought we not here to see "an instinct which is of the world, an instinct of earthly collectivity, a fortress built by the hand of man"?); for Thomism shares in that movement it attributes to all beings save One: the movement toward fuller and fuller completion, until, in its own case, there is no phenomenon, no problem, no sphere of life or aspect of reality in the successive ages of a changing world, with which it does not concern itself and of which it does not attempt to offer an explanation.

The Thomist must "go into the world, speak to the world." But he cannot go into the world of thought without effort of understanding, he cannot speak to the world if he speaks in an alien tongue. His endeavor then must necessarily be so to assimilate Thomism itself that it lives in him independent of a particular terminology, independent even of a particular historical method of approach, and so, capable of concerning itself with the problems of contemporary life; it must also be so to assimilate what there is of truth in the current thought of the world that his own mind may become integrated in and through it, and he himself in a position to contribute what he may to its advance.

The writer of "Extracts and Comments" in *Blackfriars* (April, 1936) discloses this question in terms of practical politics. He writes:

> Thomism is the concern not only of the professional philosopher as a system to be studied, it should be made a working personal philosophy of life for all. How is this to be done? The experiment of the Aquinas Society founded more than a year ago in a stable at Leicester by Father Mark Brocklehurst, O.P., suggests a way which deserves to be widely imitated. Papers read to the society have covered an immense variety of interests besides those explicitly concerned with the exposition of Thomist principles. One session indeed was devoted to the projection of a Soviet film.

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The idea of the society is explained in the first *Report* recently issued: "Its inspiration, obviously, was partly found in the London Aquinas Society and similar groups, but from the first we were conscious of a special aim which, as the year passed, became more articulate. The list of lectures appears, as a whole, not to have much to do with Saint Thomas Aquinas. But they are something more than a haphazard group. It has been our policy to discuss subjects as expressions of, or factors in, a 'world-view,' the 'world-view' of which the philosophy of Saint Thomas is the framework. In other words, our task has been, not the academic one of the study of technical philosophy, but the much more hazardous one of the presenting of a living philosophy. . . . The experiment revealed over and over again that 'men's differences are ultimately theological.' No 'world-view' can stop short at a philosophy; it must surrender to a theology."

. . . Were such groups formed throughout the country the results might well be tremendous. The crying need is for a strong nucleus of laymen who do not merely "know" scraps of Thomism, but who think Thomistically and are accustomed to apply it to the changes and chances of life.

To work for such a state of things, for the creation of a living Thomism in the world at large, is of the essence, in the realm of theology, of the integrationist policy.

(To be concluded in the next issue.)

The House on Mott Street

By DOROTHY DAY

IN VIEW of the fact that all workers in the New York House of Hospitality live on Mott Street instead of in scattered homes as they do in our other centers where there are only one or two in charge, it may seem that there are many to do the work in New York. But our staff is not so large. Peter Maurin and I are traveling and speaking a great deal, and I have a large correspondence and much writing to do besides the monthly paper to edit. William Callahan has been managing editor for the past two years, but he also has to travel and speak, besides handling details of management. Edward Priest has been forced to live away from the work the past year and a half and can give little time to it. John Curran handles correspondence and travels; Ade Bethune lives in Newport and works there. Other members of the staff whose names do not appear on the masthead are similarly occupied. John Cort has his time taken up completely by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists; Tim O'Brien by the Catholic Union of Unemployed; Pat Whalen and Martin Flynn help John Cort; which leaves at present only Joe Zorella in the office with Julia Porcell giving her afternoons. Cy Echele and Herb Welch help with the coffee line in the morning, which means four hours' work, and then sell papers on the streets all afternoon. This street apostolate is of great importance. Other members of the group are on the farming commune.

The young men take turns on the line every morning so that usually each one is called upon just two mornings a week. (It is an interesting fact that these works of mercy are carried on by young men throughout the country. Young women are either occupied with their families or prospective families so that other aid must come from them. Then, too, much of our work, dealing in general with masses of men, is unsuitable for women.)

New York has more than its share of visitors so we have many guests who are interested in the work and in the social ideas of Peter Maurin. Often we have visitors from early morning until late at night, coming to every meal and remaining for discussions which go on at all times of the day, when two or three are gathered together. (I recall one such discussion when last summer three young priests met for the first time at the *Catholic Worker*—one from California, one from Texas and one from New York—and have been fast friends ever since. They spent the entire afternoon with us and stayed to supper.)

Because of the crowds of callers and visitors for one or two weeks' stay, it is harder to get all the work done sometimes than if we had just two or three running the place. More people means more work, as every woman knows. The fewer there are, the less there is to do. The fewer there are running one particular work, the more gets done very often. Witness a clumsy committee of thirty as compared to a committee of three.

Other groups contemplating starting a House of Hospitality will argue, "You have the paper to help support the work." Yet experience has shown that the work gets support wherever it is started, and the support continues. Some fear that they will withdraw local support from the New York group and the paper. And yet, in spite of flourishing houses in the big cities of Boston, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis, they keep going and so do we.

It is true that it is never easy. God seems to wish us to remain poor and in debt and never knowing where we are going to get the money to pay our grocery bills or provide the next meal.

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While writing this, we have nothing in the bank and are sending out an appeal for help this month.

But we are convinced that this is how the work should go. We are literally sharing the poverty of those we help. They know we have nothing, so they do not expect much and they even try to help. Some of our best workers have been recruited from the unemployed line. They are not going to a magnificent building to get meager aid. They are not going to contemplate with bitterness the expensive buildings to be kept up, and perhaps paid for on the instalment plan, and compare it with their state. They are not going to conjecture as to the property and holdings of the Church and criticize how their benefactors live while they suffer destitution.

The trouble is, in America, Catholics are all trying to keep up with the other fellow, to show, as Peter Maurin puts it, "I am just as good as you are," when what they should say is, "I am just as bad as you are."

There are no hospices because people want to put up buildings which resemble the million-dollar Y. M. C. A.'s. If they can't do it right they won't do it at all. There is the Italian proverb, "The best is the enemy of the good." Don Bosco had a good companion who was always not wanting to do things because they could not be done right. But he went right ahead and took care of his boys in one abandoned building after another, being evicted, threatened with an insane asylum and generally looked upon as a fool. Rose Hawthorne who founded the cancer hospital at Hawthorne, New York, started in a small apartment in an east side tenement, not waiting for large funds to help her in the work.

Once the work of starting houses of hospitality is begun, support comes. The Little Flower has shown us her tremendous lesson of "the little way." We need that lesson especially in America where we want to do things in a big way or not at all.

A small store is sufficient to start the work. One pot of soup or a pot of coffee and some bread is sufficient to make a beginning. You can feed the immediate ones who come and God will send what is needed to continue the work. He has done so over and over again in history. We often think of the widow's cruse when we contemplate our coffee pots. When the seamen during the 1936-1937 strike asked us where we got the wherewithal to feed the fifteen hundred of them a day who wandered in for three months, we reminded them of the loaves and fishes. And they had faith in our good-will, and in our poverty too, for many of them took up collections on their ships after the strike was over to try to repay us. We have four seamen still with us, two of them joining the movement with their whole hearts and contributing everything they have to it. One came back from a trip and gave us all he had, $160.

What is really necessary, of course, and it is not easy, is that one put everything he has into the work. It is not easy to contemplate, of course, but for those who feel called to do the work, if they honestly give everything they have, God takes care of the work abundantly. We have to remember the case of Ananias who was trying to hold out, even while he wished to enjoy the privileges of belonging to the group.

This sounds extreme, but since Father Paul Hanley Furfey published his book, "Catholic Extremism," people have not been so afraid of the word or of the idea. Father Furfey has played an important part in clarifying ideas, building up a theory of revolution. Lenin said, "There can be no revolution without a theory of revolution," and that holds good for the Catholic revolution.

"The little way," faith in God and the realization that it is He that performs the work, and lastly, not being afraid of dirt and failure, and criticism. These are the things which must be stressed in holding up the technique of works of mercy as a means of regaining the workers to Christ.

We have read so many advertisements about germs and cleanliness and we think so much of modern improvements, plumbing, prophylaxis, sterilization, that we need to read again, thinking in terms of ourselves, what our Lord said to His Apostles: "Not what goeth into a man, but what proceedeth from a man defileth him."

Please understand that we are not averse to the progress of science. We think of cleanliness with longing and never hope to achieve it. We spend money on food instead of on fresh paint and I defy anyone to make an old tenement clean with plain scrubbing. Antique plumbing, which goes with poverty and tenements, cold water, no baths, worn wood full of splinters that get under the nails, stained and chipped baseboards, tin ceilings, all these things, besides the multitudes that come in and out every day, make for a place that gets pretty dirty. And we get plenty of criticism for it, the justice and injustice of which must be acknowledged. Sometimes it rains or snows and then two thousand feet tracking in the muck from the street makes the place hopeless. But if we waited until we had a clean place before we started to feed and house people, we'd be waiting a long time and many would go hungry.

Peter has always stressed the value of manual labor, and that the worker should be a scholar and the scholar a worker. He also firmly believes that those who are considered leaders must be servants. Christ washed the feet of His disciples.

So in the history of the *Catholic Worker,* we have all done a good deal of cooking, dishwashing, scrubbing of toilets and halls, cleaning of beds, washing of clothes, and in a few cases even of washing human beings. (Once Peter and I were scrubbing the office over on 15th Street,

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he starting at the front and I in the back. And Peter, believing as he does in discussion, paused again and again to squat on his haunches while he discoursed, I having to stop in order to hear him. It took us all day! He is a better scrubber than he is a dishwasher. You have to put all your attention on greasy dishes when you heat all the water to wash up after sixty people. Another time I was washing baby clothes for one of the girls in the House of Hospitality and Peter joined in the rinsing of them. Now there are so many of us on Mott Street that there is a distribution of toil, and a worker is liable to take offense if his job is taken away from him even for a day, regarding it as a tacit form of criticism. But on the farm there is always plenty of opportunity for the most menial tasks.)

Also, most important of all, one must not be surprised at criticism. We all find it hard to take, and one good thing about it is that it shows us constantly how much pride and self-love we have. But take it we must, and not allow ourselves to be discouraged by it. It is never going to be easy to take, and it is a lifetime job to still the motions of wrath on hearing it. Criticisms such as these:

"What good does it all do anyway? You don't do anything but feed them. They need to be rehabilitated. You might better take fewer responsibilities and do them well. You have no right to run into debt. . . ."

In regard to the debt, all of us at the *Catholic Worker* consider ourselves responsible for the debts we contract. If our friends did not come to our assistance, if we did not make enough by writing and speaking and by publishing the paper to pay them, and if therefore we were forced to go "out of business" as the saying is, we would all get jobs as dishwashers or houseworkers if necessary and pay off our debts to the last farthing. And our creditors know this and trust us. At that, we have fewer debts than most papers, considering the coffee line and the number of people we are supporting.

All criticisms are not reasonable. One woman writes in to tell us we must get separate drinking cups for all the men. A man writes to tell us to serve oatmeal and a drink made of roasted grains and no bread. For a thousand people! And the latest criticism is the following, written on a penny postal and not signed. It is the second of its kind during the week.

"Out of curiosity I stopped at your bread line today. I saw several men making (as they term it) the line two or three times, actually eating the bread in the line. This is the schedule of a number of the men in whom you are interested: 1st trip, South Ferry, breakfast; 2nd trip, morning, 115 Mott Street; 3rd trip, morning, St. Francis, West 31st Street. I heard Jack tell Tom he must go right then to Water Street, be there not later than 11:45 so as to be in time for South Ferry at one o'clock. The writer ventures to say that 95 percent of your men are not worth powder to shoot them."

God help these poor men, traveling from place to place, wandering the streets, in search of food. Bread and coffee here, bread and oatmeal there, a sandwich some place else, and a plate of stew around noon. Never a meal. Many of them lame and halt and unable to travel, and living on a sandwich and a cup of coffee from morning to night.

There is not much time to think of one's soul when the body cries out for food. "You cannot preach the gospel to men with empty stomachs," Abbé Lugan says.

So we make our plea for houses of hospitality which in the shadow of the church recall men to Christ and to the job of rebuilding the social order. Catholic France had 2,000 leper houses during that time of emergency in the Middle Ages. We are confronted by an emergency today, a need that only Christians can supply. We must bring workers to Christ as it has been done down through the ages and is being done today in all missionary lands.

I quote the Holy Father on works of mercy:

"The preaching of truth did not make many conquests for Christ. The preaching of truth led Christ to the cross. It is through charity that He has gained souls and brought them to follow Him. There is no other way for us to gain them. Look at the missionaries. Through which way do they convert the pagans? Through the good deeds which they multiply about them. You will convert those who are seduced by communist doctrines in the measure you will show them that the faith in Christ and the love of Christ are inspired by personal interest and good deeds. You will do it in the measure that you will show them that nowhere else can be found such a source of charity."

Such Are the Seasons

Such are the seasons that no man can say
Which is the spring or which the winter, why
One swift with sorrow, one with doomed dismay
Is called the summer while all others die.
Summer is soft and lovely, light and thin;
Autumn a hardening of arteries of space;
Winter the stooped one letting sorrow in;
Springtime the child with laughter for a face.

No man, however, can say which is his,
What season he was born to, warmth or cold
Or brightness or darkness or the images
Of other unknown seasons strangely old.
For if he knew or if he said, what blunder
Would he unearth, what strange, impossible wonder?

ALBERT CLEMENTS.

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How to Commit Legal Murder

By T. SWANN HARDING

A FEW days ago a real estate development operator in Virginia was convicted and heavily fined for polluting the water supply of a nearby city by maintaining a sewage system in his development which did not meet with rudimentary sanitary requirements. At that he was very fortunate. For one thing, his offense entailed a jail sentence, had the judge in the case been minded to inflict one, but the real estate operator was wealthy and respected, so that was out of the question.

Had he lived in Soviet Russia, however, he might have been shot at sunrise the next day. That is because the present Russian régime adheres to the, to us, irrational theory that it is more heinous to menace the health and life of all the inhabitants in an entire city than it is to murder a personal enemy. Nor do you have to be a Communist nor yet a Marxian to understand this.

What it means for us is that our legal system has not yet caught step with scientific progress. It has not yet awakened to the patent fact that scientific research has revolutionized the environment of our social, economic and legal systems. Things which were important crimes in the pre-scientific age become actual misdemeanors now. Acts which are heinous crimes in the post-scientific age, the age in which we live, posited upon scientific progress, are not yet fully recognized by the law as criminal.

Of course we could not start from scratch, as if we had undergone a fundamental political and economic revolution. We have therefore tried to fit fragments of scientific knowledge into our existing legal, economic and social system. We have been unable to take this knowledge as given and then devise a legal, economic and social system enabling us to make maximum use of it.

When George Washington lived at Mount Vernon it was all but impossible, with the facilities at hand, for one individual to devise a method of polluting the water used by thousands. Scientific and technical progress have, however, made this possible. Today it is a much more dastardly crime for a respectable real estate operator to do such a thing than for a husband to kill his wife's paramour in cold blood. Yet the former pays a small fine and the latter, if not wealthy and in good social standing, may actually be executed!

In a recent report to the public, the United States Food and Drug Administration, charged with enforcing our feeble Federal Food and Drugs Act, complains at the light fines assessed against offenders by the average court. Fines as light as $1 or $2 were frequently assessed during the fiscal year 1936-1937 for serious offenses against this law. Heavy fines were often remitted, as in a case involving mass adulteration of olive oil with tea-seed oil, which defrauded many consumers.

A practically worthless eye remedy brought a fine of $1 with costs of $35. Butter containing less than 80 percent butterfat had been seized in considerable quantity, but the court released it for reworking to eliminate the excess water. The fine assessed was $1, yet the manufacturer's weekly profit on his fraud was $50 to $75! He could well afford to pay such fines regularly as a license to carry on an illegal business.

The case came up concerning certain apple chops, the dried apple product used in manufacturing apple jelly and apple butter. It was heavily contaminated with poisonous arsenic and lead spray residue. But the court proved very lenient despite the testimony of eminent toxicologists which emphasized the danger of eating foods even minutely so contaminated. The court has a perfect right to disregard expert testimony and to do as it pleases in such cases.

This raises an exceedingly important point. The law, as at present applied in such cases, has no certain means of taking cognizance of generally admitted scientific knowledge. There is such a thing as "judicial notice" of course. That is, a court can recognize the existence or truth of something, for the purposes of the case, as being self-evident or common knowledge. In other words a court might admit that such and such a substance was rice or was wheat without demanding conclusive proof and expert opinion.

But scientific knowledge is not common knowledge; neither is it usually self-evident. Consequently the expert stands on equal footing with the ignoramus in court, for all men are equal there. The judge and the jury may heed or ignore his testimony. The judge may, indeed, plead a defendant's ignorance and lack of scientific knowledge as a sound reason for his acquittal.

Let us consider one instance of what happens under our present legal set-up. During September and October, 1937, at least seventy-three persons died in fifteen states because S. E. Massengill of Bristol, Tennessee, made and distributed 240 gallons of a liquid drug preparation labeled "Elixir Sulfanilamide." Possibly the total death toll was ninety-three or more. This fatal elixir was made, advertised, rushed to market and dis-

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pensed before adequate tests were undertaken simply because the company salesmen reported customers desired a liquid preparation of the popular drug called sulfanilamide.

Dr. Samuel Evans Massengill of the company had an M. D. degree. His chief chemist and pharmacist, to whom he assigned the task of producing a liquid preparation, was a graduate pharmaceutical chemist. The latter discovered that the difficultly soluble sulfanilamide would dissolve in a drug called diethylene glycol. Others had discovered this fact also, but they and their concerns refused to use the drug since it had been reported toxic.

But the Bristol concern made up the preparation and sent it out on its lethal journey. No tests whatever were made either of the poisonous character of the separate ingredients or of the finished product. Such tests easily could have been made and were made on animals by both government and medical laboratories showing that the product was very poisonous. No law required that such tests be made. Dr. Massengill was correct when he informed newspaper men that he had violated no law.

He was less correct when he stated to the press that now the many bad effects of sulfanilamide were developing. This was not true. When used under careful medical supervision sulfanilamide is a valuable drug. The bad effects that have developed from such use were generally mild and in no case fatal. As the drug is studied further such ill effects will happen rarely if at all. It was the diethylene glycol that caused the trouble. Yet Massengill's concern made no tests of its toxicity, nor did it try to find out whether sulfanilamide might decompose or act differently when administered in it as a solvent instead of in the usual solid form.

This concern had had previous trouble with the government. Its chief chemist and pharmacist had also had trouble personally. In the former cases conviction of violating the Food and Drugs Act was secured; in the latter case the Post Office Department issued a fraud order. Hence the concern was not without sin. Yet its founder and chief chemist and pharmacist were far superior in mentality, education, training and experience to many who defraud the American public with nostrums or who harm our health.

Tracing down the various shipments of this product was a difficult and expensive procedure. It required the full time of 239 inspectors, the full force of the Food and Drug Administration. Some lots had been dispensed over the counter by druggists. Others had been prescribed innocently by physicians. But of course, you say, the government had full legal authority to seize and destroy so imminently dangerous a preparation. No. It did not.

Under the Food and Drugs Act the federal government is not empowered to make seizures of drug preparations merely because they are imminently dangerous to health. It can make seizure only if they are misbranded, or if false and fraudulent therapeutic claims are made on the labels. This article was branded an "elixir." But an elixir is, pharmaceutically, a tincture or medicine held in solution in alcohol. Hence this, being held in solution in diethylene glycol, was not an elixir and upon that tenuous ground only could seizure be effected.

This sounds ridiculous. It reads like the witch trials in the Middle Ages. Here is a company placing upon the market an untested and lethal preparation recommended as a remedy for serious infections and the government powerless to act because the product is lethal. It is compelled to adopt a circuitous flanking movement and act because the product is not an elixir. Had it been labeled "Sulfanilamide Solution" it would not have been actionable.

In time, of course, possibly the government could have taken some appropriate legal action. But it would have to have been based upon elaborate tests, the assembling of expert opinion, and other expensive and time-consuming procedures. Meanwhile hundreds would have died. Surely such legalistic procedure is anachronistic in these modern times.

The government suggests that the manufacture of new drugs be controlled by license, the word "drug" to include all combinations of well-known drugs not yet found safe in combination by test, or those bearing label directions for higher, more frequent, or longer dosage than medical experts know to be safe. Doctors, dentists, druggists, electricians, plumbers and steam-fitters have to be licensed. Why not drug manufacturers?

Drugs and remedies which are potentially dangerous for self-medication, or which become dangerous when used as the manufacturer directs, should not be sold, though many such are on the market today and evade legal seizure. Remedy labels should carry specific directions, as well as warnings against abuse, misuse, overdosage, administration to children, or use in conditions for which the preparation is not indicated to be effective. Labels should disclose the full formulas of remedies.

The last is very important. It would end many patent medicine rackets out of hand. For the label might state that the product was simply table salt, bicarbonate of soda, or Epsom or Glaubers salts in many instances. Moreover, the label declaration of composition might mean the difference between life and death in cases where it informs the physician honestly regarding the exact drugs his patient has been taking before the doctor was consulted. Today many doctors are

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baffled because they do not know the composition of the dopes their patients take. Very often they mistake the symptoms produced by the patent medicine for those of serious disease of another kind, thus defeating diagnosis.

Many foreign countries make these requirements. Hence many proprietary remedies disclose the full composition on labels of packages destined for export while refusing to disclose it on domestic packages. We treat the foreigner better than we do ourselves.

Undoubtedly it would help greatly to have the above suggestions embodied in our new Food and Drug Law, if and when it ever passes. But much more than that is needed. What is needed is a widened field for the administrative court and an expansion of the field of judicial notice.

An administrative court is a fact-finding body like our Federal Trade or Interstate Commerce Commissions. Thus the Federal Trade Commission hears witnesses and experts exhaustively and then makes certain rulings. The courts may challenge these rulings, but they may not question the facts. The fact-finding of the administrative court must be accepted as it is. The court may not pick and choose among the facts in order to arrive at a legal decision contrary to the intent of the commission.

In a very broad sense the court takes judicial notice of these facts as found by the commission or administrative court and then proceeds to apply the law to those facts. As a first step this is needed urgently. In a narrow legal sense it is true the courts do not take judicial notice of the findings of administrative courts. But they cannot pick and choose among, reverse, or attempt to change these findings even if they disagree. It was for doing this that the first opinion read by Mr. Justice Black rebuked the circuit court which "modified and weakened the (Federal Trade) Commission's order in material aspects" regarding the selling practises of the Standard Education Society.

The findings of facts made by an administrative court are conclusive. In technical cases an administrative court should naturally be composed of qualified experts. In the Elixir Sulfanilamide case, such a court would obviously have been composed of physicians, chemists, pharmacists, pharmacologists and related scientists. It would have held hearings and ascertained facts. Its fact-finding would have been accepted as conclusive by the court of law. These same facts would automatically be cited at once in all similar cases and immediate action would be taken.

Our present procedure in all such cases is cumbersome, bungling and archaic. It is inadequate for the suppression of those who menace the public health and defraud consumers. The very ignorance of those who manipulate such rackets is today their protection. It is time to end all that. We have ridden witches' broomsticks long enough. We must remember that this is the age of science, and then be our age.

An Ingredient Sadly Lacking

By DONALD HAYNE

ONE USED to think that humorlessness was one of the marks or attributes whereby an earnest Marxian might be known. Judging by certain phenomena of recently increasing frequency, however, one might be justified in thinking that it has been taken over by more than a few zealous defenders of the Catholic cause. One is (let us hope) free to think that this is one instance of spoiling the Egyptians, whose benefit to us is at least doubtful.

Are we beginning to take ourselves too seriously? Let some unhappy wight on the staff of a secular periodical, judging perhaps by the vigor with which certain sections of our press are beating the drum for General Franco, imply that the Church is allied to fascism, and, lo, the editor is deluged with letters (and such very long letters) accusing him and his paper, and the secular press generally of all manner of Knownothingism. Let a play be written about a canon whose faith suffers a little from intellectual arthritis, and the busy classifiers sit down quickly and write "B" or "C" or whatever classification they have for the particular hell reserved for attacks on the priesthood. Even the make-up man backstage, so we understand, is not exempt from our baleful scrutiny, should he happen to make the eyebrows a shade too black, the cheeks a trifle too reminiscently thin. What next?

Do I mean that we should let our brave Excalibur rust in its scabbard, whilst the dragon of bigotry spawns its brood in the swamps of ignorance? I do not. I think, as a matter of fact, that every misapprehension of the Church, appearing in even the obscurest rural weekly, should be corrected, that (to continue the example from public entertainment) we should make our influence felt against every contravention of Christian faith or morals on the stage or screen. THE COMMONWEAL itself, the Laymen's League of Georgia, and (in all but perhaps one instance) the Legion of Decency are outstanding examples of how

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a needed job can be done with both dignity and effectiveness.

I do not forget that instructing the ignorant and admonishing the sinner are among the works of mercy. But, alas, the way we too often perform them! We can hardly find in our letters to the editor (and such very long letters) what Mr. Belloc found in the monks' pictures on which he did in Storrington fall, that "courtesy was in them all." The quality of mercy is often badly strained by the time we get through flaying someone for a "slur." And then what self-satisfaction oozes from almost every line of our defense of Truth's embattled ramparts!

I respectfully submit that we should have much more reason to be satisfied with our performance if we paid a little more heed to the senses of humor and proportion, those twin daughters of humility who should be the ever-present handmaidens of the Catholic apologist.

The sense of proportion is born of putting first things first. We have certain well-defined dogmas. We have certain clear-cut moral principles. When these are attacked with obvious bad faith, it is time to roll up our heavy artillery. But why do we have to presume bad faith? Why do we have to confuse the fundamental issues (and dreadfully weaken our position) by seeming to identify the Church with a political régime or an economic program or an educational view or some other private predilection?

There was a happy time in this country when we used to say that misunderstanding of the Church was due to ignorance, which was regrettable but blameless, and that we must meet it by charitable and sympathetic explanation. There was a time when we used to say that the Church was above politics, and when we proved our sincerity by the silence of twelve thousand Catholic pulpits while a bitterly unjust campaign was being waged against a great Catholic statesman. Governor Smith would have deplored seeing priests gird up their cassocks and take to the hustings for him; but feelings in 1938 are not so delicate. *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

Then, when we have done our best to give the impression that the Church is mixed up with our pet fancies, we get shocked when people take us at face value. Then off go the letters (and such very long letters). If the editor, to whom the principal "first thing" is news-value and who is acutely aware that, as one editor I worked under put it, "there's no such thing as rubber type," does not print our retorts in all their (sometimes abusive) fullness—aha, he's a communist.

It is all very solemn. It would all be very funny were it not for that proverb about what the gods first do to those whom they would destroy. If we kept the sense of proportion, we should have the sense of humor. Things being as they are, I suppose it is to be expected that we should see in every misstatement a deliberate lie, in every pleasantry at our expense a malicious slur, while failing utterly to see how ridiculous some of our own tactics are.

But it has its very serious side. Father Woodlock, S.J., is quoted as saying that never in his recollection has the Catholic Church been in such bad odor with the British working-classes as it is at the present moment. One who keeps at all in touch with the English Catholic press might be tempted to venture one reason why. The magazines, *Blackfriars* and the *Sower,* have been sounding the warning in England. It is time someone sounded it here.

Worse still perhaps from the long view of things, humorlessness is a sign of feeble health. People and institutions which are hale and hearty can afford to take a joke. *Isvestia* does not contain many puns on the Russian word for "steel"; nor do German cartoonists draw many pictures of grotesque little men with sweeping forelocks. One does not know how these things are ordered in the territory of *El Caudillo,* but one may imagine that Engelbert Dollfuss richly enjoyed stories like the one about the Chancellor of Austria's having paced up and down under his bed all night worrying about affairs. Dollfuss was shot; but it is something to die with one's sanity intact.

When a sprightly magazine or a harmless schoolmaster-playwright is assailed for touching upon the idiosyncracies of prelates, it is refreshing to remember that a comic song about a very distinguished ecclesiastic could be sung a few years ago in the music-halls of Catholic Belgium, but that last year, when a genuine politico-religious crisis arose due to M. Degrelle's identification of his policies with Catholicism, the Belgian people rallied loyally behind their bishops.

Of all people we Catholics should be able to see the humor around (and among) us because there is so much occasion for merriment in our religion itself. If humor is rightly defined as the juxtaposition of incongruities, is there anything more astoundingly jolly than the fact that clods like us were redeemed by the dying of our God? What do all our private posturings matter beside the reality of the Rock, except that we make them funnier when we treat them in such deadly earnest?

All honor to the good intentions of those unresting souls whose retorts to the enemy find their way to the front pages of our diocesan papers week by week. But they would, one may respectfully suggest, render their apologetic more effective (and mayhap the diocesan weeklies less jejune) if, instead of gritting their teeth, they followed the advice of Mr. Walt Disney's latest opus to whistle while they work.

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Perfumeria

By ANNE RYAN

IN LISBON the women are dressy, and on Sundays the children look like dolls, led up and down by their black-satin Mammas, very conscious of their brief, tilted skirts or best sailor suits.

On Saturday morning all the tiny beauty shops are crowded. The Perfumeria of Santa Eulalia is named from the church across the way. The stone-carved almonry door—always with the same two beggars outside—looks across at the worldliness of the little shop. Women coming out from their devotions can see the painted lintel, the door open and inviting, and are compelled to stop for a moment in the ambient air crowded with scents of flowers. It seems to them as if their own patios were inside, blooming invisibly.

The only light in the shop is from the doorway, but the Perfumeria of Santa Eulalia is the more brilliant because of the reflected sun thrown vividly from the great walls of the church. On the shelves before the delicate mirrors, vials gleam like tiny flames. The counter is white, painted in fine renaissance scrolls, and on the window-sill where the shutters are drawn a brown cat dozes among the flower-pots.

Two girls enter. They want rice powder and an ounce of jasmine perfume. They have brought their own box for the powder, a box made of wood-inlay as fine as a mosaic, and a tiny crystal bottle curved and shaped like a pear. Everyone brings their own containers and another cost is saved. If a foreigner coming in to purchase has not a box or a bottle a perplexed frown appears on all faces, they are all worried, and finally the errand boy is sent out. He returns looking as sheepish as if he had borrowed from a neighbor.

Delicately the rice powder is weighed out on the tiny, glinting scales. Enough powder is purchased to half fill the little box. The girls are careful, and no one thinks less of their thrift but admires such a division, such an accuracy—besides the Perfumeria is ever available, ever across the street from the door of Santa Eulalia.

Now the jasmine. The shopkeeper turns the bottle up with a quick shake, touches the stopper to the palm of the girl and enjoys with pride the fine scent. They are all lost in thought, remembering for an instant an arbor at evening where the white stars of jasmine open against the sky.

They are kind and lenient with foreigners who ask the price of everything and wish to smell all the bottles. They like to chat. Immediately they want to know about New York; it seems the only place in America for them. The high buildings—how many stories? That is always the first question, and it is asked with the head on the side. They are sceptical. Eighty stories, but that is impossible! Even customers coming in in the middle of their astonishment assent and wonder. No one can imagine it. But the clouds, they say, the clouds must be pushed up, and how the poor little perfume shops must be lost in such immense buildings!

After a while they return from where they have been soaring, look around their little store, at the chromatic colors in the bottles, at the cat sleeping in the window, at the mellow light in the doorway. They are content, life is much easier here, much simpler, more leisured. "Yes, it is better here," each one agrees separately, the weigher of powder, the customers, the shop-boy—and the cat yawns.

In the tower of Santa Eulalia cut far above against the blue sky, the toll of the bell sounds, floats down and dissolves in the golden air. It is time to close the doors for siesta, for the afternoon nap which in summer lasts until five o'clock.

Two Poems

Earth Spurns the Heart

Love has no elemental birth,
No friendship can be plucked from air.
He who would give his heart to earth
Meets only her impassive stare.

In all his pleading he must see
Rocks with averted faces stand,
Winds have some sudden industry,
Waves are preoccupied with sand.

And there is no place he can lay
The heart that will not let him rest;
Too ripe with love, it still must sway
On weighted branches in his breast.

I am not wise to understand
Why earth refuses utterly
What death will force into her hand.
I find this strange, unless it be

That she was cautioned overmuch,
Before man was called forth from sod,
And threatened lest she dare to touch
These apples of the tree of God.

Bird at Daybreak

Here is a small bird cast as John the Baptist
Who from my treetops is inspired to say:
I come from heaven to prepare the way.
Now in the east approach the feet of day.

Day will reward you well, my little bird,
Who make his coming such enchanting news,
Who with the sweetest music I have heard
Unloose the golden latchet of his shoes.

JESSICA POWERS.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

DR. JOHN MIDDLETON, director of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in the New York Archdiocese, is far from being a sensational writer—in the sense usually attached to that term. As his contributions to this and other journals have often shown, he is a singularly reasonable thinker, who expresses his meaning clearly and pungently, but never with the aim of merely startling the attention of his readers with extreme statements or lurid comparisons. Yet in a recent article of his in *Catholic Action,* dealing with the organization which he directs in New York, there is a statement which ought to have—even if for all its readers it actually does not have—an extremely startling, if not sensational, effect. In his article he proposes as a test of "living Christian faith" the attitude of a Catholic toward the work of the confraternity. He declares that "this criterion operates with the same challenging accuracy for priests, religious and laity. Anyone who is not enthusiastic about the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine either does not know the meaning of Christianity, or lacks that charity by which faith lives."

I daresay that Dr. Middleton would probably agree that his criterion could only be justly applied in the case of those Catholics who know that there is such an organization as the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, and who have given it some attention, for I am afraid that there are great multitudes of Catholics who are quite ignorant of the very existence of this movement. But if and when its work does become known to Catholics, and they fail to be aroused by it, and to become enthusiastic to take part, in some way, then I for one agree with Dr. Middleton that we fail in a real test of our faith.

As Dr. Middleton points out in his article, Pope Pius XI desires nothing less than the institution of this confraternity in every parish throughout the world. He considers it to be more important than any other parish organization. It is intended to be the greatest teaching movement in all the world. In this country, its need is imperative. At least half of all our Catholic children are not in Catholic elementary schools. Eighty percent of our youth are not in Catholic high schools. "Adults are admittedly ignorant of fundamentals," writes Dr. Middleton. "Parents almost always forget that they should be educators. Who will dare honestly to tell the number of lax Catholics in every parish? Possible converts number in the millions."

As a witness to these assertions of one who knows his subject thoroughly, I can testify to the fact that some of the most zealous and experienced priests in the country have told me that in their well-founded opinion something like one-third of the Catholics in most parishes are only nominal Catholics—that they are Catholics only by routine and family habit, and many are drifting away all the time, and many others will fall away at the slightest provocation or excuse. Moreover, among the others, far too large a proportion, even while sturdy and loyal in their acceptance and practise of at least the essentials of their religion, are in many respects what might be called illiterate as concerns their religion. They do not retain the habit of reading about or further studying Christian Doctrine after they pass from the schools of their youth.

If I were asked what is the most important thing I have learned about Catholic Action after some twenty years' practise of Catholic journalism, I would reply that it is the truth that underlies Dr. Middleton's proposal of a criterion for practical Catholicity. We Catholics, I am certain (I know it to be true in my own case), do not take the obligation of knowing our religion seriously enough. Our lack of success in our various attempts to promote journalistic, literary, cultural and sociological movements stemming from the teachings of the Church falter and peter out because, in the main, we do not put first things first—because as a group we do not sufficiently know our Christian doctrine. No stream can rise higher than its source. The stream of our Catholic life is shallow, even although it is so broad, because we do not keep the spring-head open and clear and ever-running.

There is to be the fourth annual national congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in Hartford, Connecticut, during the first week in October. A special committee of the bishops are in charge of the movement, under the chairmanship of Bishop O'Hara, of Great Falls, Montana. Great progress has been made, but Dr. Middleton's challenge still stands before us all. The faith that lives cannot flourish without renewal at the source. We who are intensely interested in literary and all cultural things are particularly in need of that source. Everything that the laity do to rally behind their clergy in this movement will result in more good for lay activities than all other movements combined. If what I say does not tend to make you believe this statement, read Dr. Middleton's article and be convinced.

Communications

HOUSES OF HOSPITALITY

Flushing, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Dorothy Day writes that the opening of two thousand houses of hospitality would alleviate the present deplorable economic condition. It seems to me that this course of action would be evidence of misplaced zeal, helping a small percentage of the worthy and giving the lazy an excellent chance to stay lazy. Hope is never restored by ministering to a man's physical needs. This may postpone despair perhaps; but hope thrives only on tougher food than charity can provide no matter how expertly prepared. Hope lives in the feeding of the human heart with the fact of its owner's usefulness in the scheme of life.

A man worthy of food is worthy of hire; therefore let us plan for his hire! His upkeep will then take care of itself. I have had men, faint from hunger, refuse a dime at my back door because no odd job went with it. Human beings of this high caliber will not frequent houses of hospitality. On the other hand, the easier we make it, the easier

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most of us take it. Not one out of thousands of Queens housewives ever saw more than two out of twelve WPA highway laborers digging or shoveling at the same time. American welfare projects have bred the greatest racket of easy money in all the history of the world. Any pastor will tell you that only a small percentage of callers at the rectory door are deserving of St. Vincent de Paul help. Those in honest need do not apply, but wait to be found out. There is something about charity that quickens the blood of slackers and chills the life stream of those most deserving.

Now Dorothy Day will retort that charity should not be narrow-eyed and over-selective; but how can it be otherwise when those called upon to foot the bill most frequently are hard pressed themselves? Why exhort them to build two thousand houses more, when they have difficulty in keeping one mortgaged roof over little children who do not know what it is all about? But there is one great idea in those two thousand houses: how about letting the needy plan, build and equip them? The single answer to present needs is jobs. The Master of the vineyard found work even for the eleventh hour stragglers —and He paid them a living wage! There is no record of His directing them to houses of hospitality.

MARIE DUFF.

WISDOM AND LEARNING

Churchville, Ohio.

TO the Editors: The stimulating articles on education and the English language, in THE COMMONWEAL for April 22, provoked my pen so that I want to thank you for making people think. May I humbly remark that the wise mothers who teach their children to be industrious, clean, honest and sociable, are often illiterate? May I also say that mothers who say "don't" for "doesn't" often know more about the spirit of the Good Book than do some learned professors (not all, mind you) who try to feed the hungry sheep sent to them. How many a parent finds that a healthy child returns at Easter, June or Christmas vacation with impaired health, diminished faith, broken habits and corrupted views about true pride?

The meticulous grammarians and the hair-splitting philosophers had better go to the country and learn from the little children that the heart is the first thing in true education. Education often knocks out the simple trust of the child. It teaches him to be crafty, shrewd, aggressive, proud, snobbish, unsympathetic, haughty, conceited and a lover of late hours, bad habits, poorly cooked food and a great display of wealth.

A. LAMB.

CARTOONS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Assuming this (cartoon of "Plebiscite in Austria") to typify the style of the changed COMMONWEAL, what may be looked for, etc., let me say that it is very un-Christian, and as such cannot come into my home. I have been a subscriber for some time, but no longer. Cut my name from your list at once.

JOSEPH A. BRADY.

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editors: I have taken THE COMMONWEAL for over two years and have looked forward with deep interest to it each week, and have just renewed my subscription; but had I seen this week's number with its appalling gruesome cartoon ("Japanese Cherry Blossoms"), I think I would not have done so.

Japan is still the land of beauty and courtesy, and Kagawa one of the greatest living Christians. There is enough tragedy in this world. Why try to spoil the beauty of the cherry blossoms and spring? We need all we can have. I hate war, and am for peace, but governments are to blame, not the people. Such cartoons are surely out of place in a Christian magazine like THE COMMONWEAL.

HELEN CASH.

OVER 100,000

Detroit, Mich.

TO the Editors: As a member of the Calvert Associates for many years, I have followed with much interest the Reorganization Plan of THE COMMONWEAL.

With the definite assurance, announced in the April 15 issue, that Michael Williams is to remain with the magazine as Special Editor, I feel certain of its success. He is the intellectual pioneer back of THE COMMONWEAL. It has been his brain-child—and what a heart-breaking job he has had nursing it to full maturity during the past fourteen years.

If this added adventure in the "High Romance" of America's outstanding Catholic editor, Michael Williams, has not met with financial success, the fault lies, not with him, but with the Catholic laity. We boast of our 22,000,000 Catholic population and of our magnificent colleges and universities, with thousands of annual graduates, and yet THE COMMONWEAL—our leading Catholic magazine—has never reached a circulation of 25,000.

With the enthusiastic cooperation of the hierarchy, I trust your circulation may soon reach over 100,000. At no time in the history of our country have our Catholic people so much needed the truth-telling direction of a magazine like THE COMMONWEAL.

ARTHUR D. MAGUIRE.

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: All that I read about your splendid plans for the continuance of this invaluable periodical pleased me very much. Especially delighted am I that your list of contributing editors comprises specialists in various fields: people who will be writing from a fund of knowledge based on scholarship and solid experience—not merely reflecting opinion sprung from thin soil, of which contemporary journalism offers us our fill.

The addition of a good cartoonist ought to prove valuable. It's heartening to observe in your choice the mind of alert youth. And I think your page of poetry a vast improvement. It is very good to know that Michael Williams will continue to speak to us and help us, for his words are very much alive, and have no doubt a scope of action greater than he supposes.

AGNES AMBROSE.

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Woodstock, Md.

TO the Editors: The sand-blasting and face-lifting attendant on THE COMMONWEAL's change of ownership and direction has indeed resulted in a new freshness that retains all that was good in the old but adopts several needed innovations.

Especially apt is the cartoon. The flood of picture magazines and the influence of the drawings of the English cartoonist, Low, demonstrate the power of propaganda that is pictorial. Charlot belongs with Derrick of the old *G.K.'s Weekly*.

You will find it hard to match the excellence of each of this week's articles (April 15). Sylvester, Scudder, Shuster, Day, Walsh and Speaight are all top-notchers with a good deal to say; you are fortunate that they said it for you.

A reader of the daily press, I don't miss the Seven Days' Survey, and I do like putting all poems on a page as a challenge to comparison.

REV. ALFRED BARRETT, S.J.

LISTEN TO MOTHER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: THE COMMONWEAL is a magazine which I always enjoy, but permit me to tell you that I particularly enjoyed an article in the issue of March 11, entitled "Listen to Mother," by Haryot Holt Dey. She shows such a keen understanding and expresses herself so ably, that I feel sure it would do many people tremendous good if they were to read it. It was a subject that few can handle but she has done it well.

I hope there will be more articles in your magazine by this author.

LORETTA RYAN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Haryot Holt Dey's article on "Mother" came to my attention some time ago and I wish to express somewhat tardily my delight in reading it. I found a charming simplicity and humor plus a depth of knowledge and understanding. Her style is wonderfully modern and sincere—the sort of thing we of the younger generation need, and like! Do give us more of her—or more of those like her!

BARONESS VON HADELN.

GOOSE-STEP FREEDOM

West Baden Springs, Ind.

TO the Editors: I appreciate your publication of my letter (THE COMMONWEAL, April 22, page 724) on Prince Loewenstein's article, "Goose-Step Freedom." A number of readers, I find, have taken this title, which you quote as caption to my letter, as an editorial comment on the latter. Will you have the kindness to counteract the misapprehension by a public word of reassurance?

REV. EDGAR R. SMOTHERS, S.J.

Communications which refer to a specific article in THE COMMONWEAL *receive as heading the title of the article.—The Editors.*

Points & Lines

Labor in the Recession

FROM Alaska, where an A.F.L.-C.I.O. jurisdictional dispute was endangering the salmon pack, right down through the whole country, labor activity registered a more than seasonal increase. Most interesting developments, besides the threatened strikes in the auto industry, and the C.I.O. Washington meeting, were the N.L.R.B. rulings against Republic and Inland Steel. *Newsweek* finds this to be the significance:

> Inland: In a legal sense, the board still adheres to the Supreme Court's dictum that the Wagner Act "does not compel agreement." The N.L.R.B. simply says that, once an agreement has been reached, the terms must be reduced to writing unless an oral agreement satisfies both sides. But the board also holds (and has held previously) that initial and arbitrary refusal to discuss possible terms constitutes a Wagner Act violation. Taken together, these two positions place enormous pressure on the side of the union and against the employer negotiating a contract.
>
> Republic: No amplification or previous opinions or departure from established practise is involved. Nor does the N.L.R.B. require immediate recognition of the S.W.O.C., as was ordered in the Inland case. In requiring Republic to remove all obstructions to union organization, the N.L.R.B. gives the C.I.O. a mighty shove, but steel-union leaders privately concede a great deal of spadework lies before them before they move against Girdler again.

The *Guild Reporter* of the American Newspaper Guild shows new factors in making lay-offs during this depression:

> Uneasy lies the head of the employer who proposes a staff reduction—more uneasy right now, in fact, than at any previous time in the history of the American labor movement.

Speaking of "dismissal compensation" paid by companies surveyed by the N. I. C. B., this same article says:

> Lest any reader suspect that these benefits are picayunish, it is stated by the N.I.C.B. that of the 27 companies which have had such systems in operation since 1930, the average cash payment was $545 in 1931, $453 in 1932 and $425 in 1936. . . . These [and those of the railroads] are ample indication of the fact that the public, if adequately and consistently informed, will support the labor movement in its efforts to block economy dismissals and certainly support demands for much better compensation provisions than are now common for those whose dismissals cannot be prevented.

Bishop Lucey of Amarillo contributed the most interesting labor news, writing about his recent conference with John L. Lewis, which we quote from the *Pittsburgh Catholic:*

> The objections of John Lewis are much like those of the Holy Father. "So far as I can determine," Lewis said, "there is nothing in the Catholic philosophy of economics that would condemn our program of industrial organization." And I replied, "Mr. Lewis, you are right."
>
> Out of a clear sky, this shrewd leader put a direct question to me, "Don't you think that our program of unions by industries comes pretty close to the encyclicals of the Holy Father?" "Yes," I replied, "but you don't go far enough. The Holy Father wants the workers to join the employers in the management of industries." "I realize that," he declared. "I have read the encyclicals and I use them too, but I don't dare advocate workers' sharing in management just now. It would mean a great furore and I would surely be put down as a Communist."

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Conventions that Bloom in the Spring

THE SEASON of conventions is upon us again. The convention is a peculiarly American institution, and a good one. It forces the newspapers to give some attention to what, in day-by-day newspaper routine, would not constitute news. And it enables our gentleman and lady notables to give encouragement to science and art by public acknowledgment of their importance.

Of course, the convention which attracted the most public attention was undoubtedly that held by the D.A.R. in Washington, at which President Roosevelt, with disarming charm, said what many of us have itched to say to the good ladies for many long years:

> Remember always that all of us, and you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists.

A meeting of persons more opposed in temperament to the D.A.R. than those who attended the two-day session of the American Seminar in New York is difficult to imagine. Their first meeting was addressed by Eduard C. Lindeman of the New York School of Social Work. Mr. Lindeman's analysis of present economic conditions is provocative:

> The unique situation is precipitated by the fact that the economic power is concentrated in the hands of an extremely small group who now refuse to make those necessary modifications in capitalistic methods which might enable the productive machinery to function.
>
> There is no cause for the present depression. It is a psychologically imposed, self-willed depression, and it arises out of the fact that we have no techniques for controlling the holders of these large corporative enterprises.

Somewhat the same idea was suggested before the annual meeting of the American Association of Collegiate Schools of Business in Urbana, Illinois, by Ralph C. Epstein, the dean of the University of Buffalo School of Business Administration:

> It is true that we have more facts, but it is not proof that we have all that we need. Some business men think that we need only popularization of economic truths. This is as bad an over-simplification as that of government officials criticized by business. There is much talk of prices and price changes. There are a myriad of statistics in prices. But the fact is nobody knows why a lot of prices change as they do. More research is needed, but not just any kind.

Many recent items of news have indicated a new stirring in Protestant circles. The devoting of a column in *Time* to the ideas of Karl Barth; the movement toward a creation of unity by American Protestants which called forth the recent declaration of faith by Episcopal ministers; the achievement of unity among Protestants in France, all betoken a marked increase of interest in theology as a source of action among Protestants. The matter was summed up by Mrs. Austin L. Kimball, national president of Y.W.C.A., at a meeting of the "Y" in Columbus, Ohio:

> Some of us have been disturbed by something we've come to call the new orthodoxy, and we have been fearful that it might turn into a religion of escape, almost of despair. But as we understand it more fully, we have recognized it as a fresh dynamic force that can make our social ideals come true in a way that liberalism of the past quarter-century has not been successful in doing. Certainly there is in it a new sustaining power that can help an individual and perhaps an organization ride out the storm. That there is going to be a storm, we no longer can question.

The Stage and Screen

The Circle

ODDLY enough the revival of W. Somerset Maugham's "The Circle" coincides with the publication of his artistic and spiritual testament, "The Summing Up," in which he asserts that prose drama is dead. "The Circle" has been denominated the finest comedy of manners of the Georgian theatre, and now sixteen years after its first performance it is given to us as if in challenge to its author's own dictum. Though "The Summing Up" is a remarkably honest and even humble book I cannot avoid having the feeling that in his statement as to the death of prose drama he identifies his own type of play with prose drama in general. This identification is quite unconscious, and in view of the praise lavished on Mr. Maugham's work is understandable. Even the humble are often hard put entirely to escape the sin of pride, and the pessimism of his conclusion is the pessimism of the man's own disillusioned soul. For all Mr. Maugham's desire for objectivity he has been unable to escape from his subjective self. Yet, as regards his own type of play, the revival of "The Circle" proves its author a keen critic and an upright judge. Despite the dating of its opening scenes of exposition, in which the background of the characters is set forth by them telling it directly to the audience, very much in the manner employed before the days of Ibsen, in a scene between a butler and a maid, "The Circle" is still an interesting comedy. Its characters are real, and its dialogue meaty and informed with wit, not the bastard wit of the wise-crack, but wit which is often a keen summing up of the weaknesses and discordancies of character. Moreover, the individual scenes have true emotional poignancy. Yet, when all is said and done, it is a play which in its essence belongs to an age and a point of view that if not dead is passing.

"The Circle" has been called a cynical play. Its moral, if it can be called a moral, is that the experience of the parents has no influence over the actions of the children. One somehow feels, however, that it is a cynicism deliberately contrived for dramatic effect. It is a cynicism too complete and rounded; it does not allow for the imponderables of human character, and above all for the fact that the period of the children is not the period of the parents. In other words "The Circle" belongs to the artificial comedy of manners rather than to high comedy. It is the difference which exists between a play of Wycherley and one of Molière. In Maugham as in Wycherley, morals are the artificial conventions of the particular moment; in Molière they are the eternal truths applying in all ages to right conduct. Therefore, while artificial comedy fades and dies, high comedy remains fresh and vital. It is not therefore prose drama which is dead, but only prose drama whose moral and ethical standards are those of yesterday and not of all time. Somerset Maugham is one of these former writers. Admirable as he is in his depiction of individual characters, in his final synthesis he is essentially frivolous. He is frivolous because he believes in nothing, has trust in nothing, and, as he says

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himself, finds life meaningless. "The Circle" is an expression of this attitude. While he labels it a comedy, it is more truly a tragedy, the tragedy of the author's soul.

William A. Brady has on the whole given it an excellent revival. Miss Grace George gives a sparkling impersonation of Lady Kitty, perhaps too sparkling and refined to express a woman who has been drawn through the mud, but none the less a beautiful revelation of the way comedy should be acted. If Dennis Hoey is not the Lord Porteus which John Drew created, it has its humors, and John Emery as Luton, Cecil Humphries as Clive, and Bramwell Fletcher as Arnold are in the picture. But first honors go to Tallulah Bankhead for her Elizabeth, in which part she gives the performance of her career. She has charm, simplicity, pathos, feeling; both emotionally and technically her impersonation is a masterpiece. Let us have Miss Bankhead in more such human parts. Elizabeth has made us pardon her Cleopatra. And so, despite its fading values, "The Circle" is one of the most interesting events of the season, interesting in the way it is given, in what it is, and in what it shows of a changing world. (At the Playhouse.) GRENVILLE VERNON.

Accidents Will Happen

HONESTY is the best policy, even in the accident insurance game. Or so it would seem from this not too important story from the bargain basement of Warner Brothers' emporium. The young Samson of the piece is Ronald Reagan, an upright insurance claims adjuster, who suspects that for a long time his company has been paying out settlements to the henchmen of a fake accident gang. The Delilah is his wife, Sheila Bromley, who is tired of an apartment in the Bronx and breakfast in the kitchen, and after a couple of reels sells out (for a fur coat) to Blair Thurston, head of the fake accident racket. There is the usual courtroom scene where virtue triumphs and honesty has its day. The picture was directed by William Clemens; the story is by George Bricker and Anthony Coldeway. Gloria Blondell, fixed up to look like her sister Joan, has the feminine lead.

Battle of Broadway

LAST fall the American Legion had a convention in New York City. Twentieth Century-Fox filmed a few shots of the parade on Fifth Avenue and with these for a background now presents "Battle of Broadway," a comedy featuring Victor McLaglen, Brian Donlevy and the former burlesque star, Gypsy Rose Lee (Louise Hovick). Victor McLaglen crosses swords with Brian Donlevy over Louise Hovick, a generously proportioned night club entertainer. (Incidentally, one song is sung by the ex-strip tease artist with fair effectiveness: "I am the daughter of Mademoiselle from Armentieres.") The two doughboys of 1918 have been sent to the convention by their employer in an effort to save the latter's son from an unfortunate love affair, but it's pleasure before business here. Or rather, a mixing of the two. The comedy of this rough-and-tumble film is fairly continuous and will appeal to most families with a Legionnaire uniform hanging in the closet. MARY FABYAN WINDEATT.

Books of the Day

Unions and Politics

The Post-War History of the British Working Class, by Allen Hutt. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.75.

TO THE conscientious Marxist only one person is more despicable than the avowed capitalist: the pseudo-Marxist, who misleads the working-class by petty reform proposals and is essentially a well-disguised adjunct of the bourgeoisie. Mr. Hutt, well versed in Marxist doctrines, has found that the British Labour movement, once considered the most fertile ground for revolutionary action, has been—to use Lenin's phrase—almost "hopelessly corrupted by reformism." The author, well known for his Marxian analyses, has treated a fascinating subject vigorously and penetratingly. The value of his recent book as an index of the movement is enhanced by the many vivid details and quotations which substantiate the writer's thesis.

The British Labour movement since the war has been primarily of a political character. (In England, the fundamental rights of labor to bargain collectively, for which we in the United States are still struggling, had been recognized.) The Labour party espoused socialist principles and, because of post-war economic strife, became a significant element in party struggles, several times as the Opposition party, twice as the controlling Government party. But despite the ripened revolutionary ferment of the early post-war years, the movement did not fulfil its historical mission. Hutt attributes this failure to the infiltration of bourgeois prejudices through false leadership. MacDonald, the party leader, had demonstrated his insincerity early in the 20's, and openly betrayed the Labour group when it gained control in 1931. Union leaders, as well, were prone to accept sham compromises, to place an undeserved faith in the government promises for relief. Finally, the leaders were incapable of meeting the capitalist counter-attacks, as was demonstrated by the "Zinoviev-letter" crisis of 1924.

The desires of the masses were misinterpreted or ignored; opportunism in the form of "gradualness" was substituted for pure socialist action. As a result, the movement floundered before the onslaught of Tory elements. The Marx-Lenin admonition to beware of mild-reformers who seek to doctor-up capitalism instead of destroying it had been ignored with tragic results. This is the underlying moral of Hutt's interesting survey. He is not proselyting; he is merely stating facts.

In the Foreword, Harold Laski expresses the hope that the implication of Hutt's detailed analysis "will save the working class of the United States from some of the mistakes we have made." This hope needs qualification. After many disastrous experiences under the leadership of "intellectuals" the American labor movement has rejected ideologies. The leaders and rank-and-file find themselves better adapted to the struggle on the economic front. Their "politicalism" has been limited to a successful program of "pressure campaigns."

The history of the British Labour movement seems to indicate two possible alternatives. Either the repeated failures of the British Labour party in its attempt to "change the social system" demonstrate that labor organizations might better devote their energies to opportunistic advances in the industrial arena; or else, if "political"

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activity is indispensable, its success requires that policies be socialistic *in* every respect, unadulterated by petty bourgeois reformism. To the socialist, the latter possibility is a doctrinal axiom.

But to the trade unions of the United States, still unconvinced of the wisdom of participating directly in politics, Hutt's history is likely to reaffirm their long-held convictions. Because of our present mental baggage, Mr. Hutt's book may save us from the "great Marxian synthesis" instead of for it. JAMES J. HEALY.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Looking behind the Censorships, by Eugene J. Young. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.00.

THE TROUBLE with most books on world affairs is that they take too much for granted. They discuss the acts of statesmen in power for the moment; but they don't explain that half the time permanent officials in the background are using these eminent figures for cover. They discuss the difficulties of Franco-British diplomacy; but they do not explain the differences in diplomatic method that really keep the two chief European democracies apart. The marriage of Edward VIII was sensational; but the undercurrent of conflict over constitutional method was mainly left to rumor. Diplomatic conferences make headlines; but why does nobody mention the series of vital questions which all diplomats professionally decline even to discuss? The diplomats are probably right, but the public might well be told why they can so seldom get down to brass tacks.

Writing about international affairs has suffered from these shortcomings for years. Just before the World War, William Morton Fullerton published his "Problems of Power." It may not have been a very good book, but at least it was the best thing of its kind. It got down to fundamentals and analyzed the deep-lying conflicts on which Europe's troubles were then based. Though it has been out of date for twenty years, no one has written anything like it until Mr. Eugene J. Young's "Looking behind the Censorships."

The title suggests another exposé of the difficulties of news transmission. Actually, the book is far more than that. Getting under the surface of the news in a most uncanny way, and availing himself fully of world-wide sources of information such as only a few authors enjoy, the foreign editor of the New York *Times* takes up the fundamental causes that make a sinister kind of sense out of the superficially senseless behavior of the men who run our world. It is a pity that more of this kind of interpretive writing does not get into the newspapers.

Mr. Young calls one chapter "Simplicities of the International Game." That is what the whole book deals with. JOHN BAKELESS.

CRITICISM

The Summing Up, by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

"THE SUMMING UP" is the literary and intellectual testament of one of England's foremost dramatists and novelists. It is at once a very honest and a melancholy book. Mr. Maugham, who has all that success can give of the material things of life, yet confesses that he has no love for his fellow men, that he can never forget himself, and that those few he has cared for have never returned his affection. No wonder therefore he adds: "Never having felt some of the fundamental emotions of normal men, it is impossible that my work should have the intimacy, the broad human touch, and the animal serenity which the greatest writers alone can give." No wonder in that portion of his book in which he takes up his religion he declares that life has no meaning. Yet it would not be just to say that his sin is the sin of intellectual pride, for there is in his attitude a certain humbleness which saves him from that; his is rather the blindness of a completely materialistic temperament.

But this is fortunately not Mr. Maugham's entire summing up. Where the book is of real value is in its analysis of the art of the dramatist and the novelist. It is this analysis which may very well cause it to live when Mr. Maugham's plays and novels have been forgotten. No man or woman who hopes to be a professional writer can afford to miss these chapters; they are a veritable course in the art of writing.

Mr. Maugham believes in simplicity, lucidity and euphony, the supreme virtues of French rather than English literature. He holds that the ornate prose of the Bible is not the best guide, and for those who write as Mr. Maugham writes this is probably true. He says himself that his is a talent of observation rather than imagination. And yet, paradoxically, this man who has devoted his life to the writing of realistic plays declares that the drama to live must return to poetry and imagination, and must cease to attempt to present ideas.

These are his words: "The dramatist of ideas loads the dice against himself. Plays are ephemeral enough in any case, because they must be dressed in the fashion of the moment and fashions change so that they lose the actuality which is one of their attractive features; it seems a pity to make them more ephemeral by founding them on ideas that will be stale the day after tomorrow." And then he adds: "I am of course not speaking of plays in verse; the greatest and noblest of arts can lend its life to the humble partner." There is certainly more than a modicum of truth in this, and it comes with renewed force from a writer such as Mr. Maugham. Even as a judge of writing he has his limitations, but since the days of Hazlitt few keener analyses have been made of the art than Mr. Maugham makes in "The Summing Up."

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Walt Whitman's Pose, by Esther Shepard. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

PLANNING to study the vocabulary of Whitman, in whom she had previously taken but slight interest, the author was amazed at his strange phrase, "Hymen, O Hymenee." Her puzzlement over this refrain of ancient epithalamia served her well, for she found it in a book by George Sand and decided to investigate that author's influence on Walt. She found that many other things in Whitman came from George Sand, and especially his conception of the poet of the common people who loved all mankind, and dressed in workmen's clothes. This is important, for previously Whitman's biographers, save the most sympathetic, Binns, have not stressed George Sand, and her influence must have been considerable.

But having discovered this, Mrs. Shepard decided George Sand's was the one most important influence; even that it was the "secret" of which Walt talked in his old age, although she quotes excellent evidence that this was not a literary secret. Nay, our author goes further. She is angry at Walt's not speaking of this source in his published accounts of his inspiration, and even says, "The

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fact that he spent the rest of his life concealing the source of his inspiration argues him not a great man." Yet on page 190 and elsewhere she cites Whitman's highly enthusiastic remarks about George Sand to Helen Rice, to Traubel and others. He praised "Consuelo" and spoke of it as in five volumes, which indicates he included in it the sequel, "The Countess of Rudolstadt," in which she finds his chief "sources."

Mrs. Shepard gives a detailed account of how she came to write her book. It is based on wide reading and brings out many points of great interest; but she does not ride a hobby, it rides her. Things that do not fit her theories are sometimes overlooked in a way one fears she would think reprehensible in her hero. There is no reference to the early story, "One Wicked Impulse," which Whitman included in "Complete Prose" and which seems to foreshadow his important work. Almost nothing is said of Elias Hicks the Quaker. Many points are logically argued, but Whitman's soft collar may come as much from Byron as from George Sand's hero. Nor was this unconventional in a poet of his day. The distinction between established facts, shrewd guesses, and wishful thoughts is not always drawn. Mrs. Shepard is convinced Walt tried to study a little French and denounces him for saying he knew no tongue but English. Even Walt was sometimes modest! She illustrates his bad nature by an account of his destroying a portrait of himself which he did not like, though it was, after all, his own property.

The author says something of mysticism but does not make allowance for the obviously mystical meaning of the phrase, "Who touches this book touches a man." There Whitman means himself in all senses, but chiefly his spiritual or poetic ideal of humanity. The book seems planned to cause discussion, and will do so; but its fine contribution is marred by an opinionated harshness and fundamental lack of sympathy. No suggestion, source or pose made Whitman able to sing superbly of the omnipresence of the Deity and holiness in man and nature. If George Sand helped awaken the poet, her service was great, but there is more in Shakespeare's "Caesar" than "English Plutarch." THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Barney Barnato, by Richard Lewinsohn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.
The Story of Melina Rorke. New York: The Greystone Press. $2.75.

THE DISCOVERY of diamonds in 1869 and gold fields in 1885 drew thousands of prospectors and adventurers to South Africa from all parts of the world. The quest for boundless wealth created a number of local and international problems which culminated in the Boer War. There are few episodes in modern times richer in adventure, and each of these books, which comprise an admirable complement, gives a definite indication of the legendary proportions attained by certain individuals at Kimberley and on the Rand.

It would be inaccurate to characterize the first of these studies as literary. The ubiquitous Emil Ludwig's send-off is none the less gratuitous, for Barney Barnato's career is colorful enough to stand by itself. Mr. Lewinsohn's biography is in fact an extreme example of the economic interpretation of a man's life. Barney the human being is obscured most of the time by Barney the engineer of new diggings, successful mergers and other financial achievements. For this reason the book is genuinely in-

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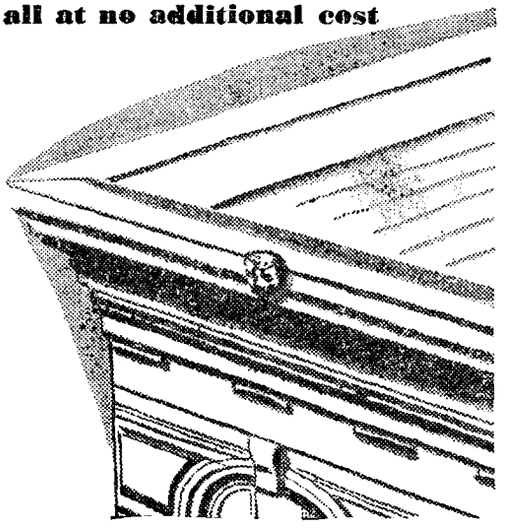

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formative on problems of mining and marketing. The motivation of the vast agglomeration of enterprises and mushroom communities is intimated in the author's observation that since the years of his adolescence Cecil Rhodes had nursed along the idea that "of all the roads to success there was nothing equal to a monopoly."

Some of Barnato's gestures were so flamboyant, however, that they could not escape chronicling. His character is well brought out in a few instances, such as his rivalry with Cecil Rhodes and his success in forcing Oom Paul Kruger to release the leaders of the abortive Jameson raid. The factors which brought about his insanity and tragic end are left all but unexplained.

With such a hurly-burly of fortune-hunting and Rhodesian empire-dreaming as a background Melina Rorke's astounding life story becomes more understandable. Although her contacts with Barnato, Kruger, Rhodes and Jameson and their schemes were only incidental, her life was a series of adventures from the moment she ran away to get married at the age of fourteen. She recounts with restraint the heroism which was thrust upon her. Yet few figments of the imagination are more thrilling than her escape from the vengeful Matabele, who had risen to exterminate their isolated white masters. During the Boer War her nursing activities, which she describes with extreme modesty, won her the title of "the Florence Nightingale of South Africa."

Where Mr. Lewinsohn clearly conveys the point of view of the fortune-seeker and empire-builder, Mrs. Rorke excels in conveying the "feel" of South Africa. Her impressions of snakes and ants, locusts and birds, blinding heat and parched expanses and thick jungles and lush tableland grasses are of the most lively. Her approach to the problem of keeping house there is convincingly and amusingly told. All in all, her autobiography is highly personal in a Victorian way and has an original flavor. But with their exclusively European point-of-view Mr. Lewinsohn and Mrs. Rorke devote scant attention to the effect on the natives of the rude impact of an exploiting western civilization.

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

MEMOIRS

Journeys between Wars, by John Dos Passos. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

JOHN DOS PASSOS'S scepticism has been both his advantage and his limitation. A Leftist without political affiliations, he has escaped the pitfalls of the propagandist writer; but he has also lacked a positive direction; the ultimate effect of his novels is despair. He has adopted the fatalism of historical materialism without the concomitant will-factor. This constitutes a far more powerful pessimism than Dos Passos's essentially healthy disgust with modern conditions; equally, it closes to him the entire domain of tragedy, which presupposes personal dignity and the power of choice.

The scepticism of "Journeys between Wars" is more often refreshing than depressing. The technique of Dos Passos's novels requires a certain subhumanization; the author of these twenty years of travel notes is a more civilized person than the author of the novels, and a more natural one. He dips into Spain, the Near East, Russia, Mexico and again Spain with his eyes and his mind open; his notes are frankly random, impressionistic; personal without following the current mode of autobiography; splashed with characteristic Dos Passos color; humane; spiced with revealing wayside conversations.

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In Spain in 1919, the young and romantic traveler is concerned with the gesture of Castile ("a swagger of defiance in the midst of a litany of death"); *lo flamenco* ("something that is neither work nor getting ready to work, to make the road so significant that one needs no destination"). Sancho Panza ("we don't work much, we are dirty and uninstructed, but by God we live") is a more sympathetic person than Don Quixote ("What do you want? . . . Education, organization, energy, the modern world").

Two years later in Teheran, the eastbound American asks: "But what do I want to drag myself around the Orient for anyway? What do I care about these withered fragments of old orders, these dead religions, these ruins swarming with the maggots of history? . . . It's in the West that life is. . . ." In Russia, the old order has been replaced by the new, the dead past by the living future, the worship of Things by the worship of Progress. But leaving Moscow is "like waiting for the cage that's going to haul you up out of a mine, like getting out of a cement factory, like climbing the long greasy ladder out of the stokehold of a steamboat."

The final section on Spain is the most deep-felt and I think the best of the book's four parts. Dos Passos's sympathy with the Loyalists is outside politics; his unorthodoxy, indeed, has drawn upon him a campaign of vilification at the hands of his erstwhile admirers in the official Communist party. His sympathy is a matter of emotional accord. He is not happy to reach his conclusion: "How can they win? . . . How can the new world full of confusion and cross-purposes and illusions and dazzled by the mirage of idealistic phrases win against the iron combination of men accustomed to run things who have only one idea binding them together, to hold on to what they've got."

DAVID BURNHAM.

RELIGION

Confirmation in the Modern World, by Matthias Laros. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.00.

CONFIRMATION is the most neglected of the sacraments. Which is not to say that the Church fails to administer it, but rather that Catholics fail to understand it. They do not appreciate the special function of the sacrament, just as they do not appreciate the particular mission of the Holy Spirit. This is especially unfortunate in an age wherein so much emphasis is put on Catholic Action. Father Laros has, in the two hundred pages of his book, made a commendable and largely successful effort to explain confirmation in terms of its aids to the ordinary person of today, both in meeting the crises which are commonplaces in life, and in achieving the stature of Christian responsibility required of a normally free man in a generation which is sinking into slavery.

Perhaps the best chapter, certainly the most provocative, is that devoted to consideration of confirmation as the sacrament of Catholic Action. As the opening chapter demonstrates, Father Laros has a precise knowledge of the nature of Catholic Action, which fact is surely both rare and refreshing. His insight into humankind and his grasp of social conditions nicely complement his mastery of the Church's teaching. And he offers many valuable suggestions for our preparation for "the war which will be fought not on a political but on a religious terrain."

The translation is unpretentious, but clear. This book will be valuable to our bishops, who must all give so many confirmation addresses and are very reluctant to repeat themselves.

JOHN S. KENNEDY.

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DIFFERENT SHADES OF RED . . .

DEATH SOLVES NOTHING, a new novel by Margaret Sothern, has more to recommend it than an intriguing title. The heroine, a Catholic who allows herself to be drawn into Communist activities, learns too late to distinguish between what Communism means to the man she marries and what it means to his deeper-dyed comrades. The scene is modern Germany—with the emphasis on red tape and stupidity rather than on persecution. (272 pages, $2.50)

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SCIENCE

Syphilis, Gonorrhea and the Public Health, by Nels A. Nelson and Gladys L. Crain. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

The Truth about Childbirth, by Anthony M. Ludovici. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THESE two books both discuss the question of birth and the lowering of the birth rate, one as the result of disease, the other as a consequence of fear of labor pains which the author claims has crept in to such an extent as to reduce rather seriously the number of births. There is at the present time a tendency to excess in the diffusion of knowledge with regard to venereal diseases. It has not proved as helpful as was hoped. You cannot scare young people into being good, and they resent the effort.

As regards the dread of the pains of childbirth, the author advances the daring claim that "normal childbirth should be not merely free from morbidity, not merely painless and uneventful, but actually a fairly safe and pleasurable function." That sentence is a typical illustration of the author's way of writing. He takes a partial truth and exaggerates it to an extent not justified at all by present-day knowledge. Those who have gone through many labors complain least of the birth pangs.

The author who is not a physician betrays his lack of judgment with regard to things medical on many pages. A favorite medical hero of Mr. Ludovici's is F. Matthias Alexander who a few years ago attracted a great deal of attention by teaching professors in our American universities breathing exercises that would not only prevent but cure disease, such diseases as cancer, appendicitis, bronchitis, tuberculosis, etc. The "etc." is his, not mine. We can judge of Ludovici's worth by his favorite authors.

JAMES J. WALSH.

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The Inner Forum

AMONG the Catholic organizations working for peace in their several ways in the United States and the British Isles is the Pax movement, a group which maintains that "spiritual activity and personal integrity are the first means toward removal of the causes of war." It differs in theory with the absolute pacifists by maintaining that "the use of force for the vindication of an undoubted right is in some cases and under certain conditions allowable to men both individually and collectively." But the adherents of Pax do not believe that a just war, as it has been defined by historic spokesmen for the Christian tradition, is actually possible today. Total war, the struggle of entire population against entire population and the demoralization of the combatants are the order of the day, with propaganda, the begetter of the un-Christian means of falsehood and hatred, one of the chief instruments. Or as they phrase it, "Under present conditions warfare involves moral and physical evils so great as to exceed any possible legitimate gain to either side." A foreign correspondent cites for us the recent manifesto of the Catholic Youth Peace Action of Holland and Belgium, whose principles are identical with those of Pax. It reads in part: "We will not take part in war. . . . When they tell us that it is *for our country* we shall not believe it, because we know that we cannot serve our country by destroying that of others; nor *for our honor,* because modern warfare is the lowest of dishonorable things; nor *for our women and children,* because we shall remember the examples of Ethiopia, Spain and China; nor *for democracy,* because war involves an absolute military dictatorship; nor *against communism,* because a movement of the spirit cannot be destroyed by force and because the sword has never converted anyone. And above all, when they tell us that it is *for God,* we shall not believe it because we know that God is Love and that in war every means is used except—love." Believing as they do, these peace groups have devoted considerable attention to the problem of conscientious objectors in the unhappy event of a war in which their country is involved. The Pax group also works to promote better understanding between peoples and to remove the misunderstandings and injustices that lead to the tragedy of modern war.

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